

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

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CHICAGO

Christmas Number

A Thought for Christmas

By Kenneth Barnes

Sir Max Beerbohm

By Douglas Cleverdon

A Season of Goodwill

By Alistair Cooke

Britain's Colour Problem

By Franklin Frazier

The Sky at Night

By Patrick Moore

The Talent of Zoffany

By David Piper

A Dream of Christmas

By Luigi Pirandello

Art and the Will

By Edgar Wind



'Madonna and Child', by Carlo Crivelli

Fetch-and-carry cha cha cha

Tray held high with a score of orders.
Forehead heavy with mental calculations.
If you've ever watched a waiter
weaving across a crowded floor, you'll get an
idea of our transportation problems.

First our markets have wildly different
patterns of consumption. Then to complicate
matters, crude varies from oilfield to oilfield.
So our tankers dart about the world, picking
up a fantastic variety of products. And these have
to pass through shore tanks and refineries to all
sorts of inland carriers — the pipelines, the
road and rail tankers, the barges on the Rhine,
the tractor-drawn sledges in Finland.

The petrol that goes into your car might be made
from crudes from several fields. Another mixture
went into your daughter's toothbrush, yet another into
the bitumen road outside your house. If you
thought that moving oil was simple, please put on
a white jacket and try taking some orders.



YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The Listener

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Thursday December 22 1960

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A Thought for Christmas

KENNETH BARNES on the unity of science and religion

IS there a way of looking at science and religion that will enable us to feel that there is a unity between them? I cannot provide any neat intellectual pattern of truth that will include them both, but I want to suggest that they can meet without contradiction in our lives, as activities. For science is not an accumulation of intellectual statements: it is an activity, something that men *do*. Religion is not a doctrine or statement of belief; it also is action, a whole way of living one's whole life. Religion does claim the whole of a man's life. If it did not it would not be religion. It must then include man's scientific activities; and a contradiction between the whole and what it includes would be intolerable.

The scientific method is overwhelmingly successful. This suggests to me that the religious thinker has something to learn from it; that there must be in science something that is true for all the rest of life, and for religion. In contrast, religion cannot claim such obvious success. If it has successes they are more to be seen in the hidden heaven than in outward action. There are today more people attending church services and more discussing religion; but is this calling a halt to the 'rat race' in which most of them are engaged? Is the average church-goer tackling the grave problems of society with more courage and insight than the serious-minded agnostic? If religious feeling were released—released from theological remoteness—into the living expression of love for our neighbour, it would be unthinkable for responsible people of any nation to talk about nuclear retaliation or deterrents. If Christians believe in the use of the H-bomb, it means that they do not believe in their religion. The Church as a whole still has an enormous membership. But its weight is hardly felt, and the world continues its lunatic course. It is possible, however, that the reawakening of interest in Christianity today might become the starting-point of a new, imaginative, and practical development. But how?

Consider the scientific revolution of the seventeenth century:

the most significant development since the life of Jesus, destined to change the whole pattern of society. It took place because the imagination of scientists was set free from the tight medieval system of theology and philosophy, because men ceased to be preoccupied with making tidy thought-systems within their own minds. They began to look outward at the world. They found a new wholeness and nourishment through experience. Their ideas became fluid so that new and fertile patterns could reach them through their imagination. They were born again—into a world of endless fascination and possibilities.

The scientist approaches experience with an attitude different from the attitude of most religious apologists. The scientist does not say that his beliefs, his pattern of thought, must be certain and neatly ordered before he approaches new facts. He approaches his work not with security, but with a kind of insecurity. He does not reach out for new material to incorporate into an already certain body of fact and theory. He often seems to move forward with his left foot before his right foot is firmly set.

Religion so often begins with assertions and demands assent to those assertions, so that they become belief. The believer then goes out into the world fitting experience into the pattern provided by his beliefs. The statements of belief may be couched in words that cannot mean anything to most people today—because they belong to a historical period long past, to a phraseology a thousand years out of date. In so far as religion continues in this way, it will force an ever-widening breach with science and render itself less and less able to influence conduct and events. It will offer only an illusory escape for the frightened.

What religion must learn from science is the fertility of the experimental approach. In science there is a sensitive give-and-take between thought and action, between theory and practice. They are bound together by imagination in a living and lively relationship. Religion, on the other hand, seems to be on the defensive against life. It seeks first to provide a firm anchorage,

something we can hold on to. It looks inward and backward rather than outward and forward. It tends to imagine a security in a rigid theology and a changeless pattern of belief. Christianity in practice seems to be deeply penetrated by a heresy it officially repudiated—that God and Devil are equally matched and fight each other eternally for possession of the souls of men. If this heresy is true, then we must hold on tight to the hand of God, lest the Devil catch us. But if it is not true, then this is God's world, and if we have receptiveness and integrity we can be safely left to find our way in it. How often has the Christian Church been ready to trust life and trust the individual in this way?

Has the Scientist a Faith?

Has the scientist a faith? It is sometimes said that just as the religious man has a faith in God, so the scientist has a faith in truth, in the rationality of the universe. But I doubt whether this can be called a faith. A man can choose not to believe in God without ceasing to live. But a scientist cannot cease to believe in the rationality of the universe and continue to be a scientist; because the only alternative is a chaotic nightmare.

It seems to me that the scientist's faith is in the way he and all his fellow scientists get on with their job, the way they work in laboratories, the way they test and record and share their experience, the way theory becomes a growing, responsive structure in the moving pattern of their minds. They take this way for granted, as being entirely natural behaviour. They forget that it is a way of working that men had to fight to establish.

It is the way of humility. That is not to say that as persons scientists are humble, but that they practise intellectual humility in their work. They are ready to be taught by experience, to search out their own errors, to change their ideas completely if the evidence is against them.

I would suggest that our religious faith too should be faith not in any theological assertion but in a way. When Jesus was asked for the essentials, he replied that man should love God and his neighbour. The heart of the Christian religion is in relationship—in an experience that is living, moving, reciprocal, creative. The relationship itself is the goal of the Christian religion. We lose ourselves, yet realize ourselves, in our love of the other person. This contrasts sharply with the attitude of Greek philosophy; in this, human relationship was a means to an end—a means to the perfection of oneself. According to the author of the fourth Gospel, Jesus said: 'I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me'. Jesus was a historical figure. We come into relationship with him through imagination; and then he shows us the way to rebirth, to an opening up of our tight little lives, enabling us to learn from experience. In the wholeness of Jesus we see God—God, whose nature is to be active, creative, at work among men. God is known by what He *does*; He cannot withdraw from man and from action because to do so would be to deny His own nature.

To be a Christian is not to have faith in a set of principles that can be used like a microscope to scrutinize our actions. Christianity is not a set of rules or laws, it is not an ethical or moral code. Man is an anomaly in the universe; he is different from all the rest of living creation. Animals keep within the bounds of their own limited nature; but it is in man's nature to experiment, to be wayward and disobedient. Man is not subject to unchanging reason; he discovers truth experimentally as he goes along. And he does not merely discover a pre-ordained pattern of truth; he *makes* truth. If we think of God as Creator—as embodied in action—we shall always be able to say, with Luther: 'The Lord has yet more light and truth to show forth . . .'. There is a sense in which every personal situation is a new and unique situation, to which we have to *give* something; and the will of God cannot be known in advance, only when we are in the situation.

Christianity is a way of digesting and assimilating experience, a way of taking experience into ourselves and making it part of our personality—a creative act. The Christian needs his community or Church as the scientist needs his team or professional society; but because religion is concerned with relationships in their wholeness, the Christian community must be one not merely of people who share a faith, but who care for each other as friends.

Within this community people must find the justification of their faith in the intimacy of their knowledge of each other. The act of common worship is not enough; without the reality of friendship and community it can be little more than mumbo-jumbo.

For many people today science provides a real fulfilment, an expansion of thought—and even personality—that puts the self-consciously religious person to shame. Science is a rewarding activity; it is full of imagination and revelation. The scientist is now supremely equipped to deal with the material problems the world presents. He is truly related to his world: within the limits of his job the scientist is living the abundant life; he is making possible a hitherto undreamt-of freedom of action.

The abundant life is a Christian concept; it is what Jesus offered. But this—with its twin concept, the Kingdom of Heaven—has too often been lifted away from the earth. It has become something to be lived in the hereafter, on a plane removed from everyday experience, or known in contemplation. To me it is a life to be discovered precisely when we are deeply immersed in the problems of everyday life and in the variety of human relationships—through the love, the tenderness, the frustration and bewilderment, the tragedy and the beauty of our existence together. We should have the courage to let life take hold of us, just as a whole complex of interests takes hold of the scientist.

I am asking for life. To me churches smell too much of death, in spite of a belief in the Resurrection. All through religion one sees too little of the abundant life, too much of what Cecil Day Lewis refers to in his 'Overtures to Death':

... the humiliations

You mercifully use to deaden grief—

The downward graph of natural joys,

Imagination's slump, the blunted ear.

... the false humility,

The shamming-dead of the senses beneath your hunter's hand.

As for the life after death, I am sure that no one will be able to enjoy it who has been half-dead in this one. No one who has put aside the most intense of our personal experiences in this world will have the equipment to deal with life in that world.

Life is a struggle away from isolation and fear, towards intimacy, compassion, and tenderness. The most significant mystery in our experience is the mystery behind the eyes of the other person; it is of the same nature as the mystery of God. In our moments of deepest knowledge of each other we are sometimes aware of an infinity yet to be known.

Irreducible Human Dilemmas

The scientist can close his laboratory door at the end of the day and leave his work behind; but personal and social life and their problems are with us always. The difficulties that we deal with in religious activity are often those that pursue us or take us by surprise, shaking us to the core of our being. We all of us have to face pain and tragedy, the irremediable loss of those we love. Unless we are feather-headed or deliberately insensitive, we are compelled to look at the world's affairs and face man's inveterate perversity. We have to recognize what Professor Butterfield calls 'irreducible dilemmas, conditions of absolute predicament in the very geometry of human conflict'.

If we allow ourselves to see all these things starkly, it is not easy to maintain courage. We need a new Advent within us. I have stressed the need for a rebirth, the experience of being born again. I doubt whether the firmest of atheists, if he knows his history, could deny that Jesus brought light into a dark world, brought courage and hope to millions of the downtrodden, the enslaved and the despised. Now and then, during the hilarity and lavish spending of Christmas, we might think of what we are really celebrating—the coming into the world, not of a child for us to be sentimental about, but of one who was armed with nothing more than the strength of his love and the intensity of his perception, who through tenderness offered the only effective challenge to those who believe that security lies in being tough.

This was the last of four talks for Advent broadcast in the Home Service. Previous talks were published on December 1, 8, and 15

The painting by Crivelli on our cover is reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (Jules S. Bachs collection).

Britain's Colour Problem

By FRANKLIN FRAZIER

TWO recent incidents illustrate the manner in which some American communities are responding to the outlawing of racial segregation. In a county in Maryland the commissioners announced that the Negro fire department would no longer be restricted to extinguishing fires where Negroes were concerned and would be called to the fires nearest their fire stations. On the other hand, a city council in Virginia voted to re-open the public libraries on a stand-up racially integrated basis.

To a layman or to a person not familiar with the sociological aspects of race relations it will seem strange that Negro firemen were not permitted to extinguish fires in the homes of white people. It may appear stranger still that whites and Negroes may stand and read but may not sit and read in the presence of each other. But by now the people of England as well as in other parts of the world have heard that in some Southern States Negroes and whites are permitted to stand and eat at the same lunch counter but may not sit and eat even at separate tables in the same dining-room. This apparently irrational behaviour cannot be dismissed simply as a manifestation of collective insanity. It is indicative of something fundamental in human relations: I refer to the importance of status. The objection to permitting whites and Negroes to sit while reading in the same room or to sit while eating in the same room cannot be explained on the basis of biological differences involving physical repulsion. I am sure that some of the same white people who voted such legislation have Negro servants who prepare their food and live in close physical contact with members of their families. That Negroes while standing may read or eat with whites brings to mind that during slavery Negroes could never sit in the presence of whites and that one of the favourite Negro Spirituals was, perhaps by way of compensation, 'I wish I was in Heaven sitting down'. Note, however, in regard to social ritual where social status is involved that among some African peoples one must never stand in the presence of a superior or older person.

When I speak of social status I am referring to something more important and more fundamental than social ritual. The status of a person or group in a social order is determined by rivalries, open conflicts, and the more subtle forms of conflict. The rivalries and conflicts grow out of competition which determines the position of the individual or group in the economic organization. If the conflict becomes a struggle for power, then it becomes a matter of politics. In race relations all over the world we can see, first, how the status of racial groups in a particular social order has been determined by competition for a position in the economic organization, then how conflicts have developed involving their status, and finally how an accommodation has been achieved.

During a recent visit to London I was asked by many people what I thought of the colour problem in Britain and how it differed from the situation in the United States. Except for what I had read, I was in no position to give an intelligent answer to such questions. I read during my visit a book published under the auspices of the Institute of Race Relations entitled *Coloured Immigrants in Britain**. Since then I have also read another book called *Newcomers*, by Ruth Glass†. The real difference between these two studies is not simply in the titles—the first dealing with the colour question in Britain generally and the second with the

West Indians in London.

There is a more subtle suggestion of the difference between the two books; the first calls the coloured people coming to Britain from former English colonies immigrants; and the second calls them 'newcomers'. However, the most important difference between the two studies appears in their prefaces. The foreword of the book published by the Institute of Race Relations states that 'the Institute as such shall not hold a view on any subject connected with race relations', and that it is its object to 'provide the facts' upon which discussion can be based. On the other hand, Ruth Glass says frankly that she is not dispassionate on the sub-



ject of racial discrimination which she regards 'as an intolerable insult to the dignity of the society in which it is practised'. She warns the reader that this is her premiss or her bias.

This expression of her premiss on the part of Ruth Glass is especially welcomed because those of us who have had long experience in studying race relations are sceptical, if not suspicious, of studies which purport to present only the facts. The so-called facts, as Gunnar Myrdal stated in *An American Dilemma*, are generally coloured by hidden premisses about racial characteristics, or, more often, by notions concerning 'proper' race relations. In the study by the Institute of Race Relations much valuable information is presented on the more formal aspects of the racial situation which has developed in Britain as the result of the migration of coloured peoples there. It contains information on the volume and character of migration, on the sociological characteristics of the migrants, such as marriage, sex relations, and housing, and the nature of the immigrant settlements; and there is a chapter on theoretical considerations concerning racial prejudice and racial discrimination which represents, in a way, the most important part of the study. It also deals with the various studies on the nature of race prejudice and of racial discrimination.

The conclusion of the author is that since patterns of thought and behaviour in regard to coloured people are not inbred and the old-established modes of segregation are dissolving, the way should be open to the building up of new patterns of race relations. Certainly, if it is true that old-established modes of segre-

gation are dissolving, one must agree with this conclusion. But it does not tell us what elements or social forces in British society can in any way build up new patterns of race relations. Then in a final chapter a statement is given on race relations in the United States. The person chosen to present this statement was evidently selected because it was thought that he would provide only the so-called 'facts' of race relations. He gives a catalogue of events without any analysis of the dynamic economic and political forces in American life which are responsible for the resistance to the integration of Negro students into the public schools and for the continued exclusion of Negroes from the right to vote.

When one turns to Ruth Glass's study, *Newcomers*, one has the feeling that one is closer to social reality. The reader is able to obtain some conception of the social forces which shape race relations in Britain, and to see the West Indians as people. Let me hasten to add, however, that this does not detract from the scholarly and scientific character of the book. The chapter on the characteristics and distribution of West Indians is supported by a wealth of statistics on the date of their arrival in Britain, the areas from which they came, and their age and sex. An analysis of the date of arrival of the 'newcomers' reveals that the term 'newcomer' is a misnomer, inasmuch as in 1958 more than two-thirds of them had been in London two to four years. Moreover, Ruth Glass argues that there is no basis for the complaint often expressed in letters to the press that England has become the 'dumping-ground for the world's riff-raff'; it appears that more than half of the West Indian men have been compelled to accept a lower occupational status in London than they previously held. Mrs. Glass points out that 'it is the managerial and black-coated workers who have found it especially difficult to continue their previous occupations in London'.

Housing Difficulties

Next to employment, housing is the most important problem facing the West Indian who comes to London. Ruth Glass gives an incisive analysis, not only of the difficulties which the 'newcomer' faces, but of the manner in which areas of migrant settlement fit into the ecological organization of West Indians. The tendency for West Indians to settle in zones of transition is very similar to the tendency among American Negroes. The wealth of material which Mrs. Glass analyses concerning the rentals, conflicts between white and coloured and among the West Indians themselves, between landlords and tenants, and discrimination: all this reveals the interaction of social and economic factors in the racial situation. The school situation, partly because there are no concentrations of West Indians, does not present the same difficulties as housing.

'In housing', says Mrs. Glass, 'there is an overt colour bar; it is advertised; it is made plain even more often verbally when migrants knock at doors to ask for lodgings'. On the other hand, whatever discrimination is practised against West Indians in regard to employment must be disguised. Moreover, in the labour market colour prejudice is tied up with other factors as, for example, the fact that the migrants have come from a non-industrialized country. As it is, one is impressed by the extent to which West Indians have been integrated into the economic life of Britain in such a short period. It presents a sharp contrast to the situation in the southern part of the United States, where Negroes are still largely barred from skilled employment. In Britain there are cases of discrimination and they are shown in the typical experiences of some workers. Mrs. Glass's discussion on the attitudes and role of the trade unions is extremely valuable. At any rate, it appears that white and coloured people find it easier to work together than to live together after work.

In the chapter dealing with the attitudes of the 'newcomers' on the one hand, and those of the British towards coloured people on the other, as well as the riots of Nottingham and Notting Hill, Mrs. Glass probes deeply into the social reality which is known as the colour problem in Britain. Her study of the attitudes of the West Indians toward their new environment provides a knowledge and understanding of their behaviour that often seems strange or irrational. This is especially important because in studies of race relations one should undertake to find out how the world appears to individuals of the minority races. Here we get some notion of what Mrs. Glass calls the duality

of the West Indian who is British by culture but is not accepted, of his sensitiveness to slights and discrimination both real and imagined. And although Mrs. Glass has a sympathetic understanding of the West Indian, it is free from sentimentality.

The section on the British reactions towards coloured people may not please the whites, because it holds up to them an aspect of their lives that they would rather forget or not acknowledge. The Britisher simply does not want to admit that he is prejudiced against coloured people. As one West Indian put it: no Britisher admits that he is prejudiced; it is always his stupid neighbour who is prejudiced. The Britisher is ambivalent towards coloured people and he has feelings of guilt when he is made aware of his prejudice or discriminatory practices. There has not existed an established or legalized system of racial discrimination as in the United States and racial prejudice has never been rationalized or justified. But Britishers, along with other white peoples of the world, have not escaped the influence of racial ideologies concerning the inferiority and primitiveness of coloured peoples. Therefore I am in complete agreement with Mrs. Glass when she says that, as long as there is prejudice, however ambiguous and concealed, it will lead to discrimination unless there are social influences such as laws to assure coloured people an equal status in British society.

Mrs. Glass acknowledges her bias against racial discrimination in her foreword but confesses to a certain optimism about the assimilation of the West Indians into British society; after she has studied the situation she admits that she is less optimistic. In a final chapter entitled 'Uncertainty', she undertakes to interpret the fundamental meaning of colour prejudice, harsh segregation and discrimination; it is muddle, confusion, and insecurity. The muddle and confusion are due partly to a lack of knowledge. But there is a deeper cause that stems from the structure of British society and its relation to the coloured world. She shows that while housing difficulties, competition for jobs, and cultural differences accentuated the tension between white and coloured, they do not account for the disturbances in Nottingham and Notting Hill. They were due to the unrests arising from the schism in British society which is 'not two nations but several, which are estranged from one another'. In their attacks upon West Indians, the 'hooligans' were acting out the latent attitudes of all social strata in regard to coloured people. From the same standpoint she discusses the extreme right-wing and anti-coloured organizations which do not represent British attitudes generally; and also the activities of those who after being aroused from their indifference and apathy are promoting the integration of West Indians into British society.

Mrs. Glass recognizes that there is a colour problem and that it cannot be dismissed by attributing it to British xenophobia; and that it is a problem of social organization similar to that facing other multi-racial communities in the world today. It is because of her understanding and frank recognition of the colour problem that Mrs. Glass's book acquires its significance. It is an important contribution to the understanding of what Lord Bryce regarded as one of the most pressing problems of the modern world: the relation of the white and coloured races of mankind.

—Third Programme

THE LISTENER

and B.B.C. Television Review

next week will include

V. S. Pritchett on a visit to Rumania

Richard Hoggart on literary criticism

'Don Juan and the Left Bank'
a short story by Gerald Howson

Strategy and the Second Strike

A discussion between BERNARD BRODIE and JOHN GRANT

John Grant: The nuclear-powered submarine, equipped with Polaris missiles, is now coming into service. This revolutionary weapon has, it seems, two outstanding characteristics. The first is that it is invulnerable—or as near as makes no odds; it relies on stealth, and on lying underneath the sea hidden from prying eyes, so that it is virtually undetectable. Its second characteristic derives from this, and that is that instantaneous reaction to an aggression is no longer so necessary: the submarine can take its time, after verifying that nuclear aggression has beyond all doubt taken place. What does this mean for Western strategy? To me it seems that in the foreseeable future the need to strike first will be greatly reduced. It also, I think, is prudent to assume that the Russians will be moving in the same direction, so that we may well get a position where, in general, the nuclear powers will be willing and able to strike second, but extremely reluctant to strike first. Does this diagnosis appeal to you, Brodie?

Vulnerability of Retaliatory Forces

Bernard Brodie: Yes, Grant, I agree in general terms that that seems to be the situation we are heading into—or at least can be headed into if we make the most of our opportunities. I would like to point out, however, that the Polaris submarine begins to be a solution, or at least the promise of a solution, to a problem which has only just begun to come to public consciousness: the problem of the vulnerability of the retaliatory forces. We have heard all sorts of talk about nuclear weapons having abolished total war, and where this was not strictly wishful thinking it was based on the assumption that retaliatory forces were secure on their bases until such time as they were needed for their function; but the fact of the matter is they were not secure on their bases; and this was one of the reasons there has been, and continues to be even now, a tremendous compulsion to strike first if one thinks that there is going to be an all-out war. I would like to add also that the submarine in itself is something that we ought not to rely on too much: there is always the chance of a Russian counter. Right now it looks like a very good weapon system indeed, but we can be assured that within a short time the Russians will have an answer, so we have always got to recognize the importance of this continuing problem of vulnerability of the retaliatory force.

Grant: I agree with you that it would be nonsensical to rely on the Polaris submarine absolutely and have nothing else; but the general trend does seem to be that nations will be reluctant and under far less necessity to strike first, and this surely means the end of what you in America have called the counter-force strategy, which was that a nation might think it could knock out an enemy's retaliatory capacity almost completely—or near enough completely—so that it did not itself suffer more than acceptable damage. The idea of invulnerable deterrents seems to me to knock that out completely—that is, that massive retaliation is now a back number. No nation dare afford it, since the penalty for such a first strike would be ruin in return. Do you agree with that as an implication for Western strategy?

Brodie: Yes, again I must say that I agree with the general proposition; I am only inclined to be a little uneasy at the absoluteness with which these propositions tend to be stated, not only by yourself but usually by people who make these remarks.

Grant: I am casting this forward a few years.

Brodie: That's right. Always assuming that we remain alert to the continuing problems which technology keeps casting up before us, I certainly agree that it suggests the end of massive retaliation as a policy of threat; and after all, even though we have tended to leave off using that rather ugly phrase recently, nevertheless our policy has on the whole been based on it, and it seems to me that it really is high time that we began to get off that. It

simply will not work in the condition when both sides have relatively invulnerable retaliatory forces.

Grant: Yes. Now I've always thought of it as a marked national characteristic that the Americans place far greater emphasis on the possibility of a surprise attack than we in Britain do. Rather comfortably, perhaps, we tend to assume here that a bolt from the blue just won't come; that there will be a period of diplomatic and strategic warning, a period of raised tension. When the various nations have these more invulnerable kinds of retaliatory capacity, do you think that the Americans' obsession with surprise attack will decrease or not?

Brodie: I would not go so far as to call it an obsession: obviously. I could not call it that since I have shared some of this fear myself. It is not quite clear to me why there should be such a difference between our two peoples, and between the military forces of our two nations, in this regard. Some might attribute it to our experience of Pearl Harbour, but I am inclined to think it is due to various other things. The real fear of surprise attack has tended to develop not so much in our military forces as—well, for instance, in my own organization, the Rand Corporation, which has had as its job to investigate such problems as the security of the retaliatory force. People who, simply by their daily work, have to be engrossed with this problem are bound to arrive at somewhat different attitudes from those who come to it only occasionally.

Grant: I agree; you obviously have a professional interest in this; and I am wondering how far it affects your view of what we call the independent British deterrent, or, as it is now called, the independent contribution to the Western deterrent. Do you feel that we have enough warning to get our bombers off the ground, to make it a valid deterrent?

Brodie: I can answer that most easily by concentrating on your word 'warning'. It seems to me that if you are going to have a true deterrent force you have to have something which places minimum reliance on warning. Because we have had some experience with warning, and we know that warning can often be forthcoming and not be read as such—

Grant: You are going back to Pearl Harbour, here.

Brodie: That is an example, of course; it is not the only one. Stalin was warned about Hitler's attack in June 1941 and didn't believe it—he had the warning and didn't read it as such—and there are others. I think there are numerous examples in history.

Grant: Can I interpose one question? Surely there is a difference now, that if you have what you think is warning but you are not sure, you can take preparatory measures which do not commit you to war; whereas before there was nothing much apart from mobilization, which in itself was a very serious step, that you could do. Now you can at least put your aircraft in the air, knowing that you can bring them back if it proves to be a false alarm.

Less Reliance on Long-term Warning

Brodie: I would not even go as far as that. It really is not easy to determine what kind of warning is going to make you put your bombers in the air, because after all you can't put them in the air and keep them there: you have to bring them back, you have to refuel them, you have to rest your crews, and so on. I would only suggest that we ought to be working always towards less and less reliance upon either long-term warning or the kind of tactical warning that we expect to get from radar screens, and one of the great merits of the Polaris submarine is that it does minimize that kind of dependence.

Grant: So your prescription really, I take it, for Britain would be that if we want an independent deterrent we ought to have a submarine-based one.

Brodie: That is for you to judge. I would certainly be of the

opinion that submarines would be better for a country like Britain than bombers are, because bombers are inevitably more exposed on base, certainly for a country as close to the likely opponent as Britain is; and incidentally, because of geographical reasons, you do not have the same kind of possibility of radar warning that we might have—and I rather guess sometimes that we are even relying too heavily on that.

Grant: But you do see an advantage surely in having aeroplanes rather than submarines, in that the Polaris missile-firing submarine is an entirely sterile weapon because it has no application to anything but total war? You can use a bomber aircraft for a whole variety of tasks, because it can drop either a leaflet or a conventional weapon or a nuclear bomb. If you are in straitened circumstances, such as Britain is in, surely it pays to have a weapon which is dual-purpose?

A Token Deterrent?

Brodie: That is true, and I am not suggesting that Britain ought to get rid of her bombers: far from it. I am only suggesting that if this is intended as a deterrent against all-out war it may really be only a token deterrent rather than a real one.

Grant: You have of course really been criticizing the form that Britain's deterrent might take rather than the fact that there should or should not be a British deterrent. Personally I think that it is probably a wise thing, in that a British deterrent is not only stationed in Europe but is controlled on this side of the Atlantic, which is an important point when it comes to the credibility of the deterrent. Do you feel that?

Brodie: Important in what way? What makes it more credible? Its being on the European side?

Grant: I think it is more credible to an opponent that, if there were an attack on the continent of Europe with nuclear weapons, Britain would be involved in the aftermath of such an attack to the extent of using her nuclear weapons; which is physically probably just not true of the United States.

Brodie: I know there is bound to be that kind of question. It seems to me that it is a reasonable kind of concern. Will our ally come to our aid even at the cost of tremendous damage to herself? One answer I would give is that it seems to me as of now that if the Russian were really planning a large-scale aggression in Europe he would be almost obliged to begin it by an attack on us. This I think is what the submarine tends to change.

Grant: This brings us straight on to the whole subject of Nato, because the Nato countries have in a way alternated between two poles of fear: one, that the Americans would come to their aid and have them blown up in the process, and the other that the Americans would not come to their aid. As we know, Nato strategy is largely nuclear, either tactical or strategic, and I think we are agreed that there is going to be a general reluctance to initiate the use of nuclear weapons. How far is this going to affect Nato? Can you use, for instance, tactical nuclear weapons, as Nato seems to imply, without bringing on a total war?

Brodie: I would counter that question with one of another sort, and that would be, first, how big can a tactical nuclear war get and still be short of a total war to any meaningful degree?

Grant: I think at this point we ought to define what we mean by tactical and strategic nuclear weapons. I am willing to suggest three possible definitions. One is that tactical nuclear weapons are small ones, and strategic are big ones; another is that with tactical weapons you attack purely military targets, and with strategic you go indiscriminately for civil targets; and a third, which I think really represents the truth, rather cynically, is that tactical weapons are those that are dropped on somebody else, and strategic weapons are those that land on you.

Brodie: Yes, I think that last is more than a little justified. I would like to point out that the very fact we are even discussing this question is rather novel, because it has been amazing to me how much people have talked about tactical nuclear weapons without bothering to question what they meant by it. Do they mean small weapons; if so, how small? Do they mean weapons of under twenty kiloton power, for example? This has hardly been discussed, and even less discussed has been the relevant question of how you are going to get controls imposed upon the use of such weapons. If you decide to use

small weapons as tactical weapons—and obviously you want the enemy to do likewise—how are you going to get him to conform to that kind of tactic? None of this, it seems to me, has really been explored.

Grant: The great danger, I suppose, is the air-base or rocket-base which is sited hundreds of miles back from the front line: if you are going to use tactical weapons, how far from the front line is a tactical sphere? Obviously there is only an arbitrary answer to this. It seems to me that we may well be in the position that the use of tactical weapons is so shrouded in uncertainty as to make it in itself a great deterrent against their use at all.

Brodie: There is that particular benefit from uncertainty: of course there is always a risk in uncertainty, too. Also I fear a kind of rigidity of thinking about these matters, and a rigidity that might prevent us from considering crises of a relatively smaller kind than we usually think about when we talk about nuclear retaliation, and yet of a kind that might well occur. Take the Berlin crisis, for example, which is a continuing one. It does not seem to be at any particularly inflamed spot at the moment, but it might easily become so next week or next month. Are we really thinking in terms of how we might apply military measures against various kinds of enemy pressure to such a crisis as that? It seems to me so long as we are on this high horse of nuclear or nothing we shut off that kind of thinking from our own minds.

Grant: It strikes me that those of the military who may be in favour of using tactical atomic weapons may well argue that if both sides now have invulnerable capacities, if each side knows the other can destroy it whatever it does, the restraining factor will be greater; that is, that if you have a limited war, even a limited nuclear war, the restraining factor against its spreading—or escalating, as people say, like going up a moving staircase to a war of greater and greater bounds—may well restrain conduct in such war. This does not convince me, but I can see it being used as an argument.

Brodie: Within limits it is a reasonable argument. To come back to your original point, if both sides have, or at least if we have, a fairly invulnerable instrument of retaliation, and have it in sufficient numbers, we are not going to be under the same pressure that we would otherwise be to get our big missiles launched in the event of a really serious crisis. And that is going to make a big difference in our latitude for manoeuvre at such a time. But the question still is: what point short of total war are you thinking about when you talk about the use of nuclear weapons? Because it still has not been established how big and how many weapons are going to be used tactically, and above all it has not been established how the controls are going to be exercised and maintained during any kind of military action.

Nato Policy

Grant: It is much easier to differentiate between a conventional weapon and a nuclear weapon than between one kind of nuclear weapon and another: whether you make the differentiation the power of the weapon or the way it is used or whatever, there simply is no precedent for a limited atomic war. If one accepts that the uncertainty about the use of atomic weapons may prevent their use, what are we to do about Nato policy, because Nato's policy is based on the use of some nuclear weapons?

Brodie: It seems to me nothing is clearer than that if we use nuclear weapons the enemy is going to do likewise, only he might use bigger ones. I am not trying to suggest that tactical nuclear weapons ought to be ruled out of Nato employment: on the contrary, I am only suggesting that the preoccupation has perhaps been a little too absolute in that respect.

Grant: Yes, indeed. The West has assumed arbitrarily that nuclear weapons favour the West, which is a convenient assumption but, as you say, almost certainly untrue. I have a theory myself that nuclear weapons probably have a greater influence on the conduct of an opponent as long as they are not used. Once you have used them, he is free to reply in kind, and anything may happen. But until they have been used it seems to me you exercise a most powerful restraint on the conduct of your

(concluded on page 1147)

A Season of Goodwill

A 'letter from America' by ALISTAIR COOKE

THE Santa Clauses are out all over town, sometimes as many as two or three to a department store. For once, the appearance of these comic figures, toddling round in scarlet at the foot of the skyscraper canyons, was more comic than usual. Our beautiful fall passed without a break into a balmy Indian summer, which glowed all through November, and produced one of the warmest December days on record.

But the long summer broke, and from the west the winds came pelting in, winds which had blown over the Rockies and the frozen prairies and twenty feet of snow in up-State New York. Suddenly the Santa Clauses nestled behind their beards, and the electric reindeer rocking back and forth over store entrances seemed appropriate enough, and no longer the invention of merchants who try to bamboozle us into believing that Christmas arrives on the day after Thanksgiving and ends on January 3.

God-speed to the New President

Another seasonable note is a rather special outburst of goodwill that is not due to religious conversion but to the fact that we have just elected a new President; and it is always a striking thing to me how willingly Americans put aside for a month or two the rancour and pessimism of the election campaigns and wish God-speed to the new man.

We always talk about the first ninety days of a new administration—from January to April—as the honeymoon period of the new President and the new Congress. But that is much more like the nervous period when the young couple have settled in their new home and are painting the kitchen and buying the groceries together and performing prodigies of self-sacrifice. The real honeymoon is when Mr. Kennedy is free from having to declare policies, when he is picking his Cabinet, holding brief and amiable exchanges with the press, when he can even duck up to New York and spend an evening at the theatre. He did do just this, and greying New Yorkers thought we were in the Golden Twenties again and that Lindbergh was back in town. I have a rather dizzy account of that evening, because I had a leg-man present in the burly shape of an old, close friend of mine, an ex-Navy Commander, chess-partner, carousing cousin with whom my relations are completely unruffled, except when we work up a little heat about politics. To put it simply, and objectively, he is a black Republican. His only prejudice in Mr. Kennedy's favour is that he was a Navy man and that he did survive one of the most appalling and undeniable exploits of personal heroism in the second world war.

The Senator at the Theatre

We—my Commander and I—were watching the 6.45 news and we saw, on film, the rather gallant ceremony that President Eisenhower arranged for his successor when he invited him to the White House for a long talk about the world and its problems ahead. There was a Marine band and an honour guard, and the President was waiting for him on the White House steps. Then the announcer said that Senator Kennedy had already flown up to New York and would, that night, go, with an old friend, to see *The Best Man*. This is a play written by the alert and amusing Gore Vidal, who has political blood flowing down through several generations and who himself recently ran—and faltered—for Congress. His play is a thinly disguised romp with the Democratic Party, in the months before a Convention. It shows the party leaders and fixers bargaining and plotting to pick the 'best man' for the Presidency. Political seers have pretended to see the two main characters in this play as dramatic, or comic, variations on Adlai Stevenson and Harry Truman. My Commander jumped in the air when he heard the name of the play, because he had seats for that very night. It turned out they were two rows directly

behind the President-elect, and my friend bubbled over when he told me how the evening went.

Nothing, of course, could have guaranteed Mr. Kennedy less privacy than the announcement, over a news programme that has a regular 30,000,000 viewers, of the theatre he was going to attend. The street was jam-packed long before he arrived. Forty-five patrol-men and mounted police clattered and jostled around the entrance. Just before the curtain went up, the Senator came down the centre aisle with his inseparable Secret Servicemen. The whole audience rose and cheered, and he nodded in that quick way and tapped the air with his mechanical right arm. My friend was ravished. 'What a heck of a good-looking guy', he burred. 'I had no idea—he's twice as good-looking as he is on television. And his behaviour!'

'How d'you expect him to behave?' I snapped, 'like Al Capone maybe?'

'No', he protested, 'but there was a late middle-aged couple sitting next to him, ordinary New Yorkers, and he always stood up when the woman kept going out and coming back. And in the intermission, mobs of people came down the aisle and pushed autograph books at him. And he signed 'em all, and every time it was a woman he stood up and smiled. And at the end, when the author came on in front of the cast, wearing a huge Kennedy button, and the cast applauded him, he got up and bowed—but really modest, absolutely no showing-off. A complete gent, though it was quite an ordeal'.

'Tell me more, Mr. Republican', I said.

'Well, all I can say is he was completely engaging and magnetic'. I am keeping a record of my talk to play back to my friend come April or May, when the Republicans will be growling that 'Kennedy thinks he's God, or Roosevelt at least'.

Prime Minister and Monarch

The reasons for this party truce decided in the President-elect's favour are not hard to seek when you remember that the American President is not only the counterpart of a Prime Minister, the leader of a political party, but the social counterpart of a monarch. It is not in Mr. Kennedy's character or training ever to forget, what Republicans often blamed Mr. Eisenhower for forgetting, that the President is the active leader of a political party and must constantly assert that leadership in the Congress and sometimes over its head. Mr. Kennedy has shown, by his Cabinet appointments to date, that he never forgets: all the early posts distributed have gone to men who helped him swing a State or a vital city. But Mr. Kennedy also knows the national stature he assumes as President. I remember in California how short and sharp was his reply to a Republican handbill printed in California, quoting the Senator as saying that 'there must be a more equitable distribution of defence factories'. The handbill warned the California aircraft workers that Kennedy would steal their jobs for his constituents in Massachusetts. 'Could anything be more stupid?' Mr. Kennedy said. 'Franklin Roosevelt started these plants, but I never saw any transfer to Duchess County, New York. . . . The President of the United States is the President of Massachusetts, and New York, and California'. That he is. He is also the head of the nation, the supreme commander of its armed forces, its first citizen, and its symbol at home and abroad of the country's hospitality and its courtesies.

Just after a new President is elected, and before his political self comes into the limelight, we see him as this other and rather more magnificent creature. And it is not surprising—in the political lull—that Americans should warm to their king without a crown, especially when he looks like Eisenhower's grandson, is taut and handsome, and has a graceful boyish sort of modesty that makes more surprising and impressive the grandeur of his office.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Listener

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Christmas Cards

WHY is the last week before Christmas always such a dreadful rush? For some people the most ready answer may seem to be—the traffic on the roads; for Londoners the traffic on the pavements as well; for those in offices the usual holiday build-up of work; for those at home the increasing tempo of food planning or baby-sitting for parties. But in none of these things does the real cause of the trouble lie. Nor is it to be found in the desperate search for last-minute presents. No, the real enemy of the people's time, the real cause of the delays and the opponent of peaceful co-existence between shoppers—is the Christmas card.

The first Christmas card was designed in 1843 by the artist J. C. Horsley for Henry Cole, a friend of the Prince Consort. It showed a convivial scene round a dining-table of a kind that might well have illustrated *Pickwick Papers*. From then on Christmas cards became fashionable. By the eighteen-sixties sending them had become an Anglo-American pastime for all classes, the volume of which has steadily increased, so that in Britain this year's Christmas post is expected to contain more than twice as many cards as before the war, perhaps 550,000,000 of them, making a retail turnover of nearly £14,000,000. And there seems to be no means of stopping the avalanche. Large businesses periodically announce that they are no longer sending any cards; but (as with the Hydra that Hercules was asked to destroy) two or three other firms immediately start to embark for the first time on a scheme of their own. With the same regularity, while husbands announce that cards are a waste of time and money, their wives and daughters go out and buy more than ever. Of course various novel means have been tried of breaking the chain: Sir Harold Nicolson has told the story of a friend who the moment he received a Christmas card (from—say—'Pamela') put it in an envelope and sent it on to someone else, not troubling to rub out the inscription but merely adding the words 'and Richard' and leaving the friend to wonder who Pamela was. But even this man was only multiplying the number of cards sent.

It may not be right to describe the strong commercial interests involved in this situation as harmful, if the principle is accepted that all trade is good for the national economy, and postal trade good for the Post Office as well. But for Christians the question must arise of how often do the cards that are sent belong to the more pagan aspects of Christmas than to the remembrance, in a spirit of generosity, of the birth of our Lord. 'Now and then', says Mr. Kenneth Barnes in the last of his Advent talks which we publish today, 'during the hilarity and lavish spending of Christmas, we might think of what we are celebrating'. In this context, the Christian duty would seem to be clear. In the choosing and buying of cards and presents alike, there should be less concentration on the material extravagance or tinsel quality of what is being given and more on the message and purpose intended. This does not mean to say that all Christmas cards should depict the nativity or indeed be in any way symbolic of any part of the Christian story. But most Christians will agree that instead of being posted merely as an acknowledgment they ought to be sent off in that same spirit of goodwill which at this time of the year can be shared by Christian and non-Christian alike.

What They Are Saying

Crisis over Algeria

THE FRENCH PRESS has commented extensively on President de Gaulle's visit to Algeria, and the outbreaks and killings which followed it. The right-wing *L'Aurore* continued to warn against any precipitate implementation of De Gaulle's policy in Algeria in the present circumstances. Other newspapers thought otherwise. The socialist *Le Populaire* said it was clear that the Muslim masses wanted an agreement between De Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas. And this, added the newspaper, accorded with the view of the majority of French and Algerians. There should therefore be no further delays or concessions to the demands of a blind minority. The independent *Combat* asked why a referendum was necessary to expedite an 'Algerian Algeria'. The disturbances had shown that this latter was a reality, and that it was naïve to believe in the possibility of 'association'.

If one refuses to believe that the Head of State was so naïve, and if one concludes that he knew from the start that the policy on which he embarked would result in an F.L.N. Algeria, one may ask why he has put off negotiations for so long—negotiations which now seem to be very near.

The Conservative *Le Figaro*, however, said that both Metropolitan France and those in Algeria who wanted peace—that was the great majority—had realized that the solutions proposed by the extremists on either side had shown themselves to be impossible. *Le Figaro* wrote:

Neither 'French Algeria' with its out-of-date slogans, its outrageous proposals and its insults to the Head of the State, nor the Algeria of the F.L.N., with its killer commandos backed by the Communist party, are conceivable in the Algeria of tomorrow.

In America *The Washington Post*, taking somewhat the same line, said that the violence in Algeria had made President de Gaulle's approach of an 'Algerian Algeria' more, rather than less, urgent. The newspaper saw many disadvantages in a partition of Algeria but remarked that neither the Europeans nor the Muslims could be expelled and when such groups were so greatly alienated, territorial separation might appear to be the only feasible answer. In Spain the Madrid daily, *ABC*, made it clear that Spain would never shelter a provisional French Government in exile or allow French agitators to publish incendiary propaganda or use the official radio for their purposes.

Tunis home service broadcast an appeal to the Algerian people by M. Ferhat Abbas, the Prime Minister of the insurgent 'Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic', in which the Muslim leader said:

Algerian men and women, we are passing through a decisive stage in our history and facing new tests. The battle of demonstrations must come to an end now. It is not a final battle. There are more battles awaiting us. The French Government, despite the strong evidence which you have presented, is determined to continue its blind policy. It is determined to hold its so-called referendum on January 8 and to impose on us its régime or new statute. This is a new battle for which you must get ready, so as to try to frustrate this mockery.

Meanwhile, Russian transmissions for abroad commented:

The mass murder of peaceful inhabitants of Algerian towns arouses wrath and indignation throughout the world, France included. The Soviet people, whose sympathies are invariably with peoples struggling for their freedom and national independence, including the heroic Algerian people, resolutely condemn the criminal actions perpetrated against the people of Algeria and demand that outrages against the Algerian patriots shall cease. The Algerian people must occupy its rightful, worthy place in the ranks of free and independent nations.

And Cairo home service broadcast an article in the Egyptian newspaper *Al Akhbar*, which concluded:

Algerian nationalism is united. Its cause wins the full support of almost the entire world. There is but one absolutely firm fact, and that is that Algerian nationalism will attain its aspirations despite the will of the French settlers and despite the poor 'liberator' De Gaulle.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

CHRISTMAS CATALOGUES

'ONCE YOU LIVE in the country', said PAUL JENNINGS of *The Observer*, speaking in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme), 'London shops look at your cheque and think—"Here's someone else for our catalogue mailing list". We never used to get catalogues when we lived in London, but now, especially at Christmas, they come by every post, and the stuff you see in them bears practically no resemblance to what you actually see in the shops if you go to them yourself. Sometimes I think no shop has altered its catalogue since 1936. I imagine them saying: "Ah, these solid country people with their vast cupboards of hams hanging, and their huge sober family gatherings, and lots of outsize WX women—we mustn't put them off with a lot of jazzy London frippery". So they always draw men like lieutenant-colonels sitting in chairs in some unimaginable room in their underwear, often with long pants—at least, one is sitting reading the newspaper, the other, smoking a pipe, doubtless filled with "smokers' requisites"—and one of them always has one leg up on a box and appears to be talking to the first one. The women always have the sort of face I associate with the nineteen-thirties—round-faced, harmless women with hopeless, frizzy-looking hair-dos, the kind of women you imagine wearing fox furs even in bed, and berets.

'It's only when they have established the confidence of these extraordinary families—these lieutenant-colonels, their pale wives in fox furs, and these great hordes of outsize women, often in majestic nightdresses and furry slippers (who are they? Aunts? Pensioned-off governesses?

Mothers—in-law? And why aren't there any outsize men?)—it's only when they have got their confidence that the catalogues slip in what they never tire of describing as "novelties". It is years since I saw that awful-looking tray thing with a lamp and a clock and a teapot and I don't know what, that makes tea for you in the mornings. I have never wanted one since a friend of mine had a lugubrious thought: how awful if you died in the night and this

thing still went on cheerily making tea and calling you with a merry piping of steam in the morning. But it is still a delightful novelty in the catalogues.

'The one thing in which the catalogues—fuddy-duddy, domestic, restrained—are the same as the actual shops, stream-lined, package-conscious and as modern as tomorrow, is in the Christmas mania for putting quite ordinary things into sets. It is difficult to buy ordinary razor-blades or cigarettes or pencils at Christmas; they are ordinary of course, but they are all in special merry little boxes. But in the catalogue this process is carried to lunatic extremes. There are comb sets, smokers' sets, perfume sets, ash-tray sets, soap sets, towel sets, sheet sets—working up now—and, around the ten-guinea level, sets that have always been sets: those mysterious "men's dressing cases" full of strange little silver boxes packed in rows and containing—well, containing what? I should like to think that there's some magic elixir conferring eternal middle-age on those lieutenant-colonels'.

JOY-RIDING BY SLEDGE

'One morning in late December', said MARGARET FULBOHM in 'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme), 'soon after my arrival in Lapland, I had only just got back to my room from a walk to explore the village of Karasjok when the door burst open and Katrine, all out of breath, tumbled in.

"Quick, put on your coat", she cried, "and come! There's a wedding at the church, at one o'clock!"

'From mid-October to mid-January there were only about three hours of light every day in Karasjok, from about half-past nine in the morning till half-past twelve. By half-past one it was pitch dark again. I flung on my coat and we ran down the road and across the big steel bridge over the frozen river to the church.

'Soon the bell began to ring and the wedding procession appeared coming over the hill from the bride's home. There were about a dozen couples, walking one behind the other, and in the centre of these relatives and friends were the bridal pair. Everyone was dressed in traditional Lapp costume, rather alike for men and women: a royal-blue, fluted, smock-like dress, decorated with bands of red and yellow, reindeer-skin leggings with the hair outside, and pointed skin shoes. The women wore a white, fringed shawl, and a scarlet bonnet; the men a royal blue "star cap". The bridal couple were dressed like everyone else, except for the bridegroom's long, white neck-band and the bride's wreath of bright artificial flowers. Several dogs accompanied the bridal party into the church.

'After the ceremony each couple got into a sledge that had been waiting outside. With the bells of the horses tinkling merrily, they now all went joy-riding through the village for a while before returning to the bride's home for the wedding feast. Here masses of delicately-flavoured reindeer steaks and chops were stacked on wooden plates. There were also dishes of bones, chopped into convenient lengths and split with large sheath



A Lapp driver with the boat-like sledges pulled by reindeer in which Margaret Fulbohm had a 'joy-ride' in Lapland



Lapp children in traditional costume

knives so that one could suck the marrow out. Delicious, fresh, unleavened white bread could be dipped into steaming bowls of rich broth. A hot, sweet soup, made of stewed red or yellow berries with raisins floating in it, was served after the meat. There were oranges, and even Australian apples, and also long, thin cigars, and brandy which might have been home-distilled.

'To keep awake after such a repast the party would again go



The Red Lodge, Bristol

Reece Winstone

for joy-rides in the sledges, calling round at the homes of friends, and collecting further guests to carry the celebration through the night. If the wedding was in the village where there were roads the sledges used were horse sledges, large ones for two to four people, but in the trackless mountains one rode in reindeer *pulks*. These were small, boat-like sledges with room enough for only one person. Driving a reindeer is work for an expert. I was forbidden to try. But to give me a ride, three reindeer and sledges were found, with a little mountain Lapp to drive them. Each sledge was fastened by a cord to the saddle of a deer, and then these three units were hitched together one behind the other. Each of us had a rein for his deer—a single rein securely tied to the wrist.

"You must never let go your rein", my friends told me. "If your deer should be frightened and break away from the others, or if you should fall out of the sledge, you have no hope of keeping up with your deer unless you are firmly tethered to it".

'When we two passengers were settled in our *pulks*, the driver untied all the deer, and immediately they bounded off. I loved that joy-ride through the forest: moving swiftly over the snow, up hills, down valleys, under the great wide starlit sky, in front of me the little white bobbing tail of the deer'.

A FAMOUS ELIZABETHAN HOUSE

Much restoration work has recently been carried out in one of Bristol's most famous houses—the sixteenth-century Red Lodge in Park Row—which contains one of the finest Elizabethan rooms surviving in England. BRENDA HAMILTON described the house in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The Red Lodge was built nearly 400 years ago on the estate of an old Carmelite priory', she said. 'In those days the house must have been surrounded by gardens and orchards. Today it is surrounded by shops and offices in one of the city's busiest streets; but it still has a quiet little walled garden, and it was from there

that I saw how well the exterior of the house had been restored.

'The Curator of the City Art Gallery explained to me how all the stonework had been chiselled off, so that the clear-cut architectural lines can now be seen again. Inside, all the rooms have been redecorated, and they make a beautiful setting for the fine furniture and antiques on view here. The most striking thing in the house is the oak-panelled Elizabethan room. To get to it, we went up the broad oak stairway and stopped to look at the spiral balusters supporting the handrail. Many of these had been broken, and the Curator told me that there are not many craftsmen left who can turn the corkscrew pattern in wood. But after a search they had found an eighty-year-old Bristolian who turned ninety-three new balusters so cleverly that now one can scarcely tell the new from the old.

'In the Elizabethan room I saw the moulded plaster ceiling, which not long ago was cracking and sagging so badly that it had to be propped up. The slightest vibration would have brought the whole ceiling down. To repair it, it was agreed to use a new kind of plastic material. This is a fluid which creates its own heat; it spreads and expands rather like a fermented yeast, and seeps into every crack and corner, binding the plaster to the laths and the laths to the joists so that all become one combined mass. The liquid hardens as it cools, and within two hours a fourteen-stone man may safely jump on it'.

GILDING THE PILL

'In my day', said KENNETH CLAPPISON in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service) 'being an apprentice to a chemist really meant starting at the bottom—down in the cellar, in fact. We were "young gentlemen", certainly, with the title of "Mister", but not "students" (as they are today), and we learnt our calling very practically among the oils and the dry salting, and the "wets", the ointments, the spirits, the acids and the pigments, and, often wearily, at the dispensing counter. We were taught counter manners by example and by severely delivered precept.

'Besides the cellars, where one could often eat a surreptitious cheesecake (there being no official tea break in those days), there were lovely odoriferous drying rooms and vegetable drug stores where the enquiring apprentice could examine first hand many interesting and valuable drugs and become acquainted with their characteristics, long before he studied them systematically at college. I liked pharmacognosy and botany, and was fascinated by the rather romantic crude *materia medica* that featured often in our work only thirty-five or so years ago: dragon's blood, star anise, storax, benzoin—yes, and glinting, shiny cantharides beetles, cochineal bugs, and the rest. Nowadays the pharmacist in general practice sees little of these things. I suppose the youngsters find the modern synthetic drugs romantic, but however efficacious these may be, I could not get the interest out of a bottle of sulphonamide tablets that was evoked by aloes in gourds or monkey-skins, musk in silk caddies, opium in its grey-green leaves, sprinkled with rumex flowers, or great drawers full of lovely seeds, fragrant or beautifully fashioned — cardamom, kaladana, nuxvomica, or strophanthus!

'Elegance of presentation has always been a pharmaceutical ideal, and silvered or gilded pills were often required. This process, together with varnishing, was one of those nice little crafts that the chemist could still practise, and one obtained much quiet satisfaction, I found, in a well-made batch of gilded pills, or a clutch of nicely rounded, perfectly white quinine pills nestling in their small, trim boxes'.



Art and Anarchy

Art and the Will

The last of six Reith Lectures by EDGAR WIND

IN reflecting on the will it is important to admit that the range of its influence is limited. Belief in the truth of a proposition, for example, cannot be changed by an act of the will. I might wish, under certain circumstances, that two and two made five, or that all men were good, or that the climate of England were dry and sunny, or that I might meet Mozart or David Hume in the street, but it is beyond my power to believe in any such thing; and no effort of the will can change the fact that my belief on these points is settled. I might find it prudent at certain times to disguise a belief, or to refrain from expressing it in public, and such decisions are certainly subject to my will. Even in my own private thoughts I may occasionally refuse to face an uncomfortable fact, and prefer to think of something else. Into all of these matters the will does enter, and hence it is reasonable to appeal to the will in order to change them. A friend may say: 'Be a man and face the facts!', but he could not possibly say: 'Be a man and, recognizing these facts for what they are, use your will and believe them to be different'.

Vital Beliefs

Over such trivial beliefs as I have mentioned—that two and two make four, or that the climate of England is damp—no one would deny that the will is powerless. But when it comes to more vital beliefs, which are passionately held by some and incomprehensible to others—religious beliefs in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, or economic beliefs at the present moment—the charge is often made that dissent is wilful. Heretics have been persecuted not only for holding views which were not approved, but for their pertinacity in refusing to change them, as if their beliefs could be formed by their will. The absurdity of these proceedings was exposed in the fifteenth century with masterly skill by Pico della Mirandola, who spoke from experience: for he held some beliefs which were judged heretical, and he was asked by a papal commission to change them. He explained that the intrusion of the will into matters of belief—even the highest forms of belief—is an elementary confusion, and he gave to that confusion a good Latin name: he called it *actus tyrannicus voluntatis*, a tyrannical act of the will. The will assumed powers which did not belong to it, and to usurp such powers is a tyrannical act.

As is well known, tyrannical acts of the will are not confined to external pressures. Internally, too, our will sometimes intrudes into regions where it does not belong. A scientist or historian is sometimes unwilling to give up a theory to which he has become attached, even though he comes across facts which do not quite fit it. Rather than relinquish the theory, he tries to explain the facts away, ascribing them to secondary causes which might account for the facts without disturbing the theory. The will can thus obstruct a necessary revision of belief. Thinking becomes warped because it is wilful.

Nevertheless, there remains one important aspect of thought in which the will is a positive force: it is in the approach to new and uncharted regions of experience. The famous essay by William James which he called *The Will to Believe* was devoted to this problem. By a common rule of scientific prudence we are taught to suspend our judgment until we have the evidence before us, and not to commit ourselves mentally one way or the other for fear of being duped. According to James, this is an act of the will rather than an act of reason, and if applied to important and vital issues, an unproductive act at that: for by it we refuse to take the kind of risk which generally attends the discovery of new truths. James is surely right in suggesting that this risk has almost always been taken by productive thinkers.

As the mathematician Gauss remarked, his results never caused him any trouble because he knew them in advance; the real trouble was to discover how to reach them. Without this peculiar inversion between end and means, many important scientific discoveries would hardly have been made. The scientist acts on a hunch, for which the scientific evidence is incomplete, and his decision to act on that hunch, at the risk of being disappointed, is as certainly an act of the will as is the contrary and more common decision, namely, not to risk that disappointment and thereby lose the chance of making a discovery.

Authentic Experience

In turning from knowledge to the experience of art, we may find that the role of the will is here exactly the same. Whether we go to the theatre or not, depends on our will; and whether on leaving the theatre we declare our feelings about the play, or keep them to ourselves, or decide to see the play again rather than trust our first impression, all these are matters in which our will is involved. However, in the presence of the play itself, our response would not be genuine and right unless our will were temporarily suspended. Persons who can never forget what they want, and exert their own will in the presence of a work of art, are debarred from authentic artistic experience. The work of art demands, no less than a truth if we are to grasp it fully, a genuine and complete surrender of the will, and an oblivion of the self: an attitude repugnant to many persons while others perform it with natural ease.

And what is true of the spectator, applies to the artist himself. In the moment of creation, his personal will must be suspended; otherwise his work will be contrived and forced—what the French very fittingly call *voulu*, which means 'strained' or 'laboured' and is a term of aesthetic censure. Thus a tyrannical act of the will falsifies art as it falsifies belief. Only a misguided artist 'wills' his art, just as it is a misguided thinker who 'wills' his theory. Byron did not exaggerate when he wrote of divine raptures that

... 'tis in vain
We would against them make the flesh obey—
The spirit in the end will have its way.

But this does not mean that the artist's will is not engaged when he prepares himself for these raptures by regular exercise and drill. Imagination needs a great deal of prodding and restraining to issue at the right moment in full bloom. It is also by an act of the will that he releases the finished work to the world, or withholds it, or neglects it, or whatever he may do—or not do—with it. The creative act, although it is quite beyond the will, is thus surrounded by acts that are willed by the artist, and they include questions that concern his points of departure, his choice of scale, for example, or of medium or any other parts of the general framework within which he sets his imagination to work. These are questions which are raised in the forecourt of art, although it is only in the temple itself that they find their ultimate resolution.

Leaving the Artist Alone

It follows that the subject of this lecture—'Art and the Will'—refers to the forecourt of art in relation to the temple. When we treat art as sacrosanct, we clearly refer to the temple and to nothing else: there the artist is necessarily alone with his genius. But in the forecourt he should not be left alone. And yet we leave him alone there as well, because we mistakenly extend to the portico the same veneration as belongs to the temple. Even in the exercise of the artist's will, we think that no pressure should

be brought to bear on him, for fear that it might disturb his inspiration, and so all his preliminary decisions must be made by him *in vacuo*. For whom, for what purpose or place he will plan a new work—these are matters which are rarely suggested to him by an external assignment, as a rule they are left for him to imagine, to invent. We thus place an excessive burden on the artist's personal choice because, in contrast to artistically more gifted and lively ages, no points of reference are given. For all practical purposes the forecourt is empty. The only persons to be met there are a small circle of friends and the artist's dealer, who is there on business. The patron remains modestly outside and waits.

It is very unlikely that a person wishing to acquire a painting today would tell the artist what he wants him to paint, he would think it wrong to do so. Instead he visits an exhibition in which works of art can be purchased ready-made; and in acquiring one of them, he cherishes it as a 'find', a sort of *objet trouvé*. The heroic battles between artist and patron, which fill the annals of the Renaissance, would seem improper and wasteful to the modern amateur. He prefers not to enter the fray. Communication with the artist is left to the dealer; and it is fortunate, indeed, that the best of the modern art-dealers have been ready to shoulder the kind of responsibility which the patron and the public no longer discharge: they do much of the prodding, and most of the planning, and are willing to take risks. It would be most fortunate if one day the dealer, in his turn, were to be displaced by the auctioneer, who would neither prod the artist, nor plan for him, nor take any risks, but merely sell him. On that day art would become pure merchandize.

In the eighteenth century a lively exchange between the artist and his public was still taken for granted. Hogarth laughed at poets who lived in garrets and pursued their fancies; he ridiculed musicians enraged by the popular music of the streets. The true artist was in contact with his public. The Romantics, however, in-

troduced the fable that the poet dreaming in his garret, who writes only as the spirit moves him, is an image of the true poet; and although we know that the image is largely false, it still lingers in our imagination. We are well aware that most poets do not live in garrets, and that artists work not only regularly but that they work harder and longer than business men; and yet we hold fast to the belief that they should work only as the spirit moves them, undisturbed by our requests and unsupported by our resistance.

On this assumption the relation of the artist to his public resembles the ancient legend of Narcissus and Echo. The nymph Echo loved Narcissus, but he was enamoured of his mirror-image and would look at nothing but his own face. The nymph might have broken the spell if her conversation had not been quite so limited; but all that the nymph Echo could ever say was to repeat the last words she had been hearing. To converse with an echo is unrewarding, and we should not put the whole blame on

Narcissus. We expect the artist to mould our imagination, but we forget that no artist can work on materials which do not offer him a plastic resistance.

The great patrons of the Renaissance were active patrons, and as such they had an unpleasant trait in common. Each was to the artist what Lord Bridges—in an interesting lecture on 'The State and the Arts'—thinks a good patron should not be: 'an awkward and uncomfortable partner'. They had definite ideas about their patronage and did not hesitate to assert them. It is difficult to imagine, without reading the documents, what amount of bickering went into the planning and replanning of the Medici Chapel. Michelangelo's designs for the Tombs were corrected by Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who had commissioned them, and whenever

Michelangelo submitted new designs, the Cardinal was ready with counter-suggestions. Finally, after complete agreement had been reached and Michelangelo was in the process of cutting the stone, the Cardinal became Pope Clement VII, and on that occasion he appears to have changed the whole project over again, proposing a new plan, from which emerged the sublime figures that we know today.

Since Michelangelo was not easily pleased with anyone, one might think that he would feel bitter about such a disruptive patron, but quite the contrary: he explained to his pupil Condivi, apparently with considerable warmth, that Clement VII had an exceptionally great understanding of the artistic process. It is evident that Michelangelo felt the pressure of his patron's will as beneficial, but it requires the resilience of a forceful artist to transform such an impact into art; a weaker spirit might well be crushed by it.

In the large but imperfectly preserved correspondence in which Isabella d'Este pursued artists and art, there are fifty-four letters referring to one single painting by Perugino. The patron who cared for art was fussy in those days; and as a rule artists prefer patrons who fuss to patrons who do not care. Perugino, it is true, was not a strong master, nor

did the excessive attention of Isabella d'Este improve him, but it is characteristic of Mantegna that his art prospered under her trying commands. As for Isabella's brother, Alfonso d'Este, the courtesies which he extended to Titian were equalled only by the angry threats with which he followed them up, but by this policy of well-calculated attacks he manoeuvred Titian into producing a uniquely inspired series of paintings, the famous Bacchanals in Madrid and London.

Among recent patrons, perhaps the only comparable case is that of Ambroise Vollard, the French picture dealer and publisher. He had a singular gift for annoying, bullying, teasing, and flattering until the artist produced the kind of work which Vollard tried to get out of him. How a victim responded to that kind of treatment is shown in a rapidly sketched self-portrait by Renoir, which bears a charming dedication to his torturer. The inscription reads: '*à mon raseur sympathique*'. This does not refer to Renoir's shaggy beard, but the word *raseur* is a colloquialism for an



Portrait of Pope Clement VII, by Sebastiano del Piombo: in the Museo Nazionale, Naples

'insufferable bore'. *Il me rase* means 'he grinds me down'. The affectionate tone of the dedication shows the artist's gratitude to his gadfly.

That such treatment of artists has gone more or less out of fashion might be ascribed to a variety of reasons. In the first place, amateurs of art live under the impression that they do not have the time to exchange fifty-four letters about a single picture, but that is an illusion. A casual glance at the life of any Renaissance patron would reveal that these persons had far less time to spare than a fully occupied man of affairs today. They were haunted by daily business of an urgency and personal danger which it is difficult for us to imagine. If in the midst of these frightful troubles they found the time to battle with artists and impress them with their will, it is because art was as indispensable to them as their daily food: they could not live without it. And that, I think, is the root of the matter. If art were as indispensable to us as it was to them, we would not leave the forecourt of art so empty.

Moreover, the Renaissance patrons took far greater risks than the average modern collector would care to take. They asserted their 'will to believe' at the crucial moment, when the outcome of an artistic enterprise was still in the balance, whereas we prefer to wait until the artist has finished his work, so that we may decide whether we care for the outcome or not. Participation is thus postponed to a less critical moment: our artistic life is more sedate. No doubt, William James was right that the person who will not risk disappointment is in the end no safer than the one who does. The pressure of our artistic climate is lowered by the absence of an active patronage, with the result that the prudent collector, who thinks he has diminished his risks, has actually diminished his chances of getting as many significant works as he might.

When the sculptor Jean Arp began his work for the Unesco building in Paris, he was astonished and disappointed that not even the architects could spare the time—he uses the expression 'spare the time'—to discuss in earnest with the painters and sculptors 'how their work was to be conceived as part of the general plan. Everyone was left to work for himself; and, quite apart from questions of time, there can be little doubt that although in this instance the patron was a corporate body, the patron adopted the usual way of leaving the artist to himself, so that each might follow his individual will. Their wills were not made to clash and then to work out their harmonization. As a result this building, which is devoted to the cultural work of the United Nations, has become a monument of disunited arts.

The consequence of leaving the artist far too much to himself is clearly shown in paintings of the Abstract Expressionists. These artists have carried introspection to an extreme, and nevertheless try to break out from the seclusion imposed on them. Theirs is an art searching



Portrait of Isabella d'Este, by Titian: in the Gemäldegalerie, Vienna

desperately for substance, and seeking it in two directions: by reverting to the artist's instinctive impulses and by projecting them outward on a scale which is larger than life. We generally doodle on small bits of paper, and our psycho-analytical friends tell us that this untidy habit integrates our personality. To doodle monumentally brings forces of integration into play which raise the artist beyond his private self. I believe, therefore, that the huge size of these paintings is not at all accidental; it is, on the contrary, their *raison d'être*. Today many artists who search for substance in their art, inadvertently try to find it by an increase of scale. The size is a kind of test whether the imagination will hold its own in such enlargements. To speak of abstractions as 'larger than life' is not as odd as it may sound: for the artist's idiom is related to the scale of man but seems raised to a higher pitch by a *tour de force* in projection. The same is obviously true of some of the 'action paintings'

by Soulages, which are monumental exercises in calligraphy, flawless performances which derive a superior authority from the fact that they are so huge. It is as if the artist himself had to invent the obstacles which are no longer supplied from without.

Although it would be fantastic to make the artist responsible for the seclusion in which he is compelled to work, his own attitude to that condition has helped to shape it and tends to encourage its continuance. On the other hand, Baudelaire was surely right in suspecting that the progress of industrialism would make us lazy in our artistic responses. No creative friction develops between artist and patron, because art is acquired ready-made. The next step is to be content with reproductions, and to appeal to every new device of diffusion which dilutes and sterilizes the original work and thus makes it more easily and more safely digestible. In the end the managerial questions: 'Will it record well?', 'Will it reproduce well?', 'Will it exhibit well?' become the primary criteria of judgment. For wherever a vacuum is left by the will today, it is bound to be filled by mechanical forces.

The force which progressively replaces the active will in art has been recognized for what it is by William James. He called it 'a passion for conceiving the universe in the most labour-saving way'. James accused the logicians of having spread confusion by extending what they call 'the law of parsimony' to regions where it does not belong. The law of parsimony, invented by Occam and hence called 'Occam's razor', prescribes that in forming a theory we should not introduce any more hypotheses than are absolutely required for its construction. Those extending this rule from a useful technique in logic to a technique in life James



Self-portrait by Renoir. The inscription reads: 'A Vollard, mon raseur sympathique.—Renoir'

By permission of SPADEM, Paris

called 'the knights of the razor'. And he added confidently: 'The knights of the razor will never form among us more than a sect'.

This was written in 1881. Today, the knights of the razor are not a sect, they are the majority; and they are not—in any sense of the word—*raseurs sympathiques*. To them art is a nuisance because it resists automatism. The various forces that have been discussed in these talks can be related to this overriding impulse: for when things look odd in the artistic life of an age, it is certain that the oddity is not confined to art but pervades the entire mode of living. Art just happens to be the most sensitive place in which acute disturbances make themselves felt. The fear of knowledge, the mechanization of art, the fallacy of pure form, the cult of the fragment for the sake of freshness, are simplifications which spare us the trouble of getting upset, transformed, and Platonically endangered by a passionate participation in art; and every device of modern scholarship, from the connoisseur's list to the iconographer's label, can be misused to make art look more manageable than it is. 'These most conscientious gentlemen', to quote James again, 'think they have jumped off their own feet,

... but they are deluded. They have simply chosen from the entire set of propensities at their command those that were certain to construct, out of the materials given, the leanest result'.

The scientific description of the world has been defined as an attempt to look at the world from the point of view of nobody. This neutrality is admirable for scientific equations and for the engineering of any experiment in which the observer is conceived as replaceable. Aesthetic participation, however, cannot be neutral, because the person involved in it cannot be replaced. To treat him as if he were a dispassionate observer, and hence claim that art can be approached from the point of view of nobody, is not only a form of scientific fetishism but an illicit intrusion of the will. It is an *actus tyrannicus voluntatis*. To quote James again and for the last time: 'Man's chief difference from the brutes lies in the exuberant excess of his subjective propensities. . . . Had his whole life not been a quest for the superfluous, he would never have established himself as inexpugnably as he has done in the necessary. . . . Prune down his extravagance, sober him, and you undo him'.—*Home Service*

FOUR POEMS

Mary at the Manger

This is the only time there will be peace,
I do not need the angel now with wings,
I want the joy without the ecstasies,
The stillness of wild things,
And truce and trust between old enemies.

I notice noises now I never heard
After that strange, that troubled afternoon—
Animals eating and the far-off, slurred
Voices of shepherds. Soon
There will be silence for the unspoken word.

There was no pain and no desire in birth,
Simply a giving. When I saw my son
And listened to his human childish breath
I knew I had begun
Something outside my reach, beyond his death.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Ailred

awakes in the raw abbey
to the flare of rivulets
and the coal effort of the wren
the stript twigs are
veins of jet in the bruised flesh
of a dawn

articulate in the organic sighs
of rot, listless leaves, amused mice
and the massive
roll of drenched woods

otters advance
in silk sheaths splash oilily
into the cold current

Wherever the word is spoken
the Virgin is there to receive it
the moonstone a separate fire
on her bosom

watches an eye
open to the broken image
of the white hills and the high
scatter'd quails

HERBERT READ

Mallorquín Rooster

With strut and scratch, the rooster
Patrols his terraces and the path
Outside my open door. Only one fowl
Goes with him on those stiff parades,
While the strange, familiar, cat,
Following with soulful limberness,
Perverts the smart and military march.

Comb erect and head thrown slightly back,
He parts his beak to issue a command.
Unlike all other roosters I have heard,
He does not call out, 'cock-a-doodle-do!' '
'Cocorico!' or, languidly, 'quiquiriquí!' '
A consonant fails now in the strident cry,
And what begins so proudly trickles out.

'Quiquí-oodle-oo' salutes the dawn,
And sounds again at moments of the day.
No capon this—combed so red and ripe,
So fully hackled on his bully neck—
Yet, the unaltered falsetto fall-away
From the determined basso start is false:
Betrayal of the sergeant-major pose.

RUTHVEN TODD

A Passing Likeness

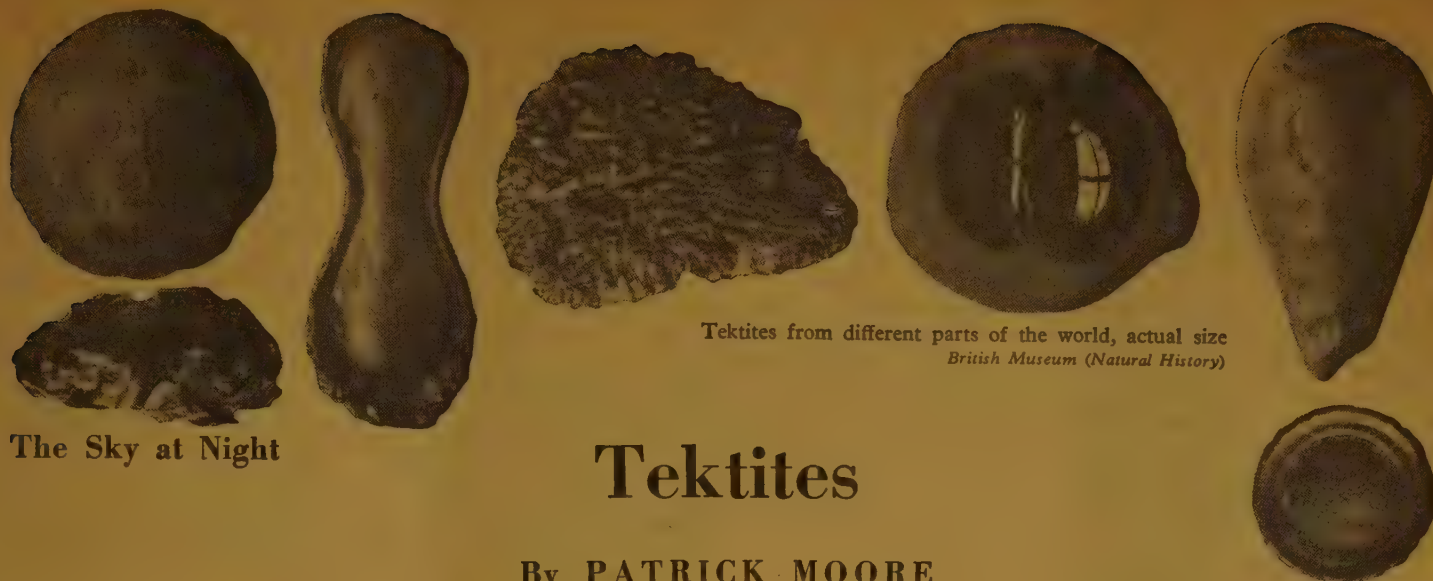
I glance through the steamy photographer's window-pane
At a smile like yours. Too quick, my gullible mind
Leaps to the joy of you, sharp, authentic again!

Not really like at a second look. Yet behind
The gay expression, surely the self must be—
To that limited darling degree—of your passionate kind?

So I grope for this unknown girl, in the rooms that she
Calls home, I question her figure, her accent, her fun;
While a drop zig-zags on the pane dispiritingly.

Utterly, utterly some one else! Beyond measure
Remote is she, in the glow of her prime just begun,
From the long-since cold, untraceable girl I treasure,
My dear dead centre, my warm remembrance, my one.

LAURENCE WHISTLER



Tektites from different parts of the world, actual size
British Museum (Natural History)

The Sky at Night

Tektites

By PATRICK MOORE

THE Moon, so much the nearest of our companion worlds in space, is rapidly becoming of practical as well as theoretical importance to us. Studies of it are making quick progress, and during the past few months two investigations have been made which are worthy of special mention.

The first of these relates to the Moon's averted hemisphere. As everyone will remember, the first photographs of these new regions were secured in October 1959, when the Russian vehicle Lunik III photographed them and sent back the pictures by means of complex television techniques. The two best photographs have been widely published in Britain, but over thirty others exist; they are not so spectacular, but are quite good enough for analysis. I was able to examine them during my recent visit to the U.S.S.R., and it was at once clear that many features were shown.

A comprehensive atlas of the new regions, based on these photographs, has now been completed by Y. N. Lipski, in Moscow. Several hundreds of craters are charted, as well as various other features. As expected, the averted hemisphere is basically similar to the hemisphere we know, though there are fewer of the grey *maria*, or 'seas'. In 1953, I suggested that seas might be rare on the far side of the Moon. This suggestion was based on a volcanic theory about the origin of the craters. At that time I had no expectation that the problem would be cleared up for many decades; the progress of space research has certainly been unexpectedly quick. However, the arrangement of the features on the hidden side of the Moon may give some extra clues to the genesis of the surface formations. Positive knowledge about this oft-discussed puzzle would obviously be important. It is linked, too, with another question which has been discussed recently: the problem of the mysterious objects known as tektites.

Tektites are relatively small. Most of them measure less than an inch in length, and even the largest example known to us is inferior in size to a hen's egg. In composition they are 'glassy', and contain about 80 per cent. silica; they are easy to recognize, since they are unlike any other natural objects so far discovered.

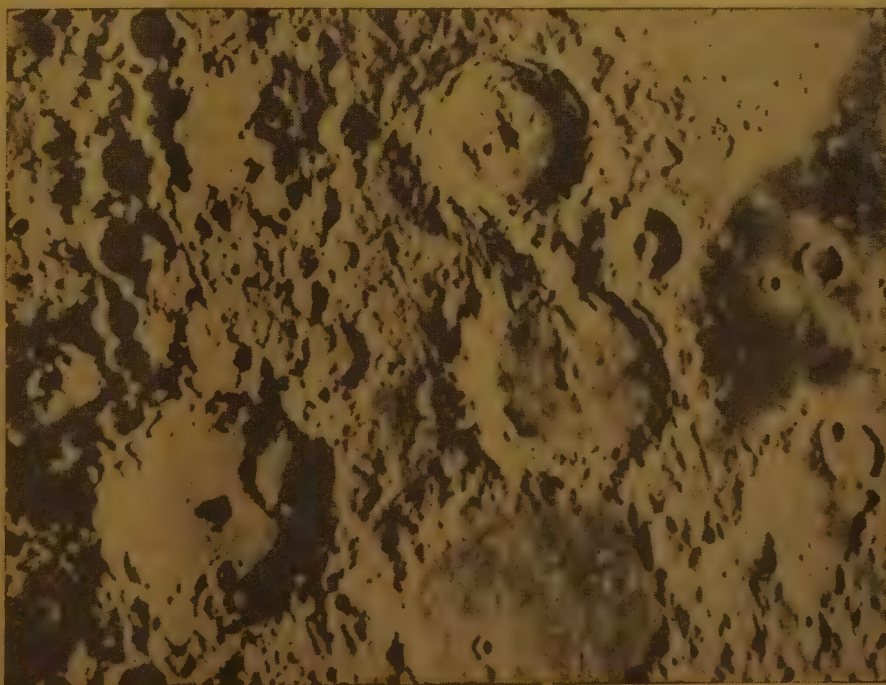
The first really remarkable thing about them is their distribution. They are not found everywhere—for instance, none has ever been discovered in Britain—but occur in various well-defined areas. The largest of these fields is in Australia, and covers much of the southern part of the continent. Two more, at least, occur in the area of the East Indies, and there are a few others in Asia and the American continent. The main European tektite field is in Moravia.

Yet the areas in which tektites are found are extremely limited, and this must influence our ideas about the origin of the tektites themselves. Geologically, the Australian field is recent while most of the rest belongs to the Tertiary period. The fact that tektites are particularly numerous in Australia is partly because the country has been less developed, and partly because the tektites themselves have not been there for so long.

Originally, it was assumed that tektites were of terrestrial origin. Even a casual glance showed that at one stage they had

been very strongly heated, and it was natural to suppose that they had been hurled out of active volcanoes. It is of course true that volcanic outbreaks may be extremely violent. Active volcanoes are, moreover, numerous—and some of them are just as destructive as the famous Vesuvius and Etna. In 1947, for instance, there was a tremendous outbreak from Hekla, in Iceland, which had previously been quiescent for many years.

One immediate difficulty is that some of the tektite fields are well away from either active or extinct volcanoes. Even more significant is the discovery that tektites seem to have been heated not once, but



A chain of large craters on the surface of the moon. Alphonsus, in which a disturbance was observed in 1958 by the Russian astronomer, N. Kozyrev of the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory, is centre, right

twice. The original heating must have been very thorough, but the second was less extreme, and affected only the layers near the surface. This could conceivably be explained on the volcanic hypothesis. Suppose that a tektite were heated inside the volcano, and then ejected at a speed sufficient to carry it clear of the dense part of the Earth's atmosphere. As it fell back toward the ground, it would encounter friction against the air-particles, in the same manner as a meteorite, which would account for the second (surface) heating.

Experiments with the Nose-cones of Rockets

D. Chapman, in California, has now examined this idea thoroughly. New data are available, based on experiments with the nose-cones of rockets which have been launched from the surface of the Earth. These nose-cones can be studied after landing, and the effects of frictional heating analyzed. This is surely another instance of the close association between rocket research and other branches of science; the problems of nose-cones are intimately associated with those of meteoric bodies.

Chapman's work has shown that the second heating of tektites was too strong to be explained by the simple volcanic hypothesis. When a body is hurled upward—either by a volcano, a rocket booster, or in any other manner—it can behave in one of three ways. If it is moving at escape velocity (approximately 7 miles per second), it will never return, and will continue moving away into space. If it is moving at a somewhat lesser speed, it may enter an orbit round the Earth, as with the numerous artificial satellites—though of course the launching of a satellite must always be a highly complicated process. If the body is moving slower still, it will rise to a certain height, stop, and then fall back to the ground. The maximum height attained will depend upon the initial velocity.

An object moving in this way must therefore start its drop through the atmosphere *from rest*, and can only reach a certain velocity before it hits the ground. Tektites have been so violently heated that they must have moved more quickly than this. If they did in fact come from space, they must then have entered the upper atmosphere when they were already moving at a considerable speed—and so they cannot be explained so easily as might be thought. Efforts to explain them by normal geological processes have been uniformly unsuccessful. (In less serious vein, mention should be made of some extraordinary suggestions which have been made from time to time. It has been maintained, for instance, that our very remote ancestors were remarkably good at glass-making (!), or that tektites were produced by nuclear explosions initiated by the inhabitants of Atlantis or some equally mythical country. A Russian writer has gone even further, and attributed this alleged nuclear explosion to visiting space-men who landed on Earth in prehistoric times.)

Modern evidence leads us to the view that tektites are not of terrestrial origin at all. One point made by Chapman is of particular significance. Tektites are aerodynamically stable, and this clearly points to a descent through the Earth's atmosphere. On the other hand, they are certainly not ordinary meteoric bodies. They show every sign of intense original heating, as would have taken place in a volcano; and if terrestrial volcanoes are ruled out, one possible alternative is that the tektites began their careers inside volcanoes on the Moon.

The Large Lunar Craters

There are two main theories about the large lunar craters. Some authorities believe them to be basically igneous, while others regard them as due to meteoric impacts. In any case, there must at one time have been considerable volcanic activity there. During the past few years I have catalogued over fifty objects on the lunar surface which show a remarkable resemblance to conventional volcanoes; G. P. Kuiper has also called attention to more than a dozen of the objects contained in my lists, and it seems that the features are probably quite common. Then, too, there was the observation made on November 3, 1958, by N. Kozyrev, at the Crimean Astrophysical Observatory. Kozyrev saw, and photographed, a disturbance inside the prominent crater Alphonse. This outbreak was mild by our standards, and certainly must

not be regarded as a full-scale eruption, but at least Kozyrev has proved that the Moon is not completely inert even now.

The Moon is less massive than the Earth, and has a lower escape velocity—about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second. There is thus nothing improbable in the suggestion that active volcanoes could hurl material clear of the Moon altogether. Lava can bring up material which is lighter, and also richer in radioactive elements, than the average lunar composition; this gives a straightforward explanation of why the density of tektites (2.3 to 2.5) is lower than the Moon's average (3.3), and also why tektites, like terrestrial eruptive rocks, are richer than meteorites in uranium and thorium.

We can work out a sequence of events. On the lunar-volcano theory, tektites had their origin inside the Moon, and were fiercely heated; they were ejected at a velocity greater than $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, and so entered the Earth's atmosphere while moving at appreciable velocity. They had cooled during their journey through space, and were re-heated by their drop to ground level. Each tektite-field would be related to some specific lunar eruption. Few eruptions would produce material moving in a suitable manner to hit the Earth, which accounts for the rarity of the tektite-fields.

The whole idea is not new; it seems to have been first proposed by a Dutch scientist, R. D. M. Verbeek, in 1897. However, Chapman's researches have added force to it, and many astronomers now regard it as the most probable explanation. This is not to suggest that the theory rests on firm evidence; it is speculative, and for all we know the real answer may be entirely different.

Nininger's Theory

A different mechanism was proposed by H. Nininger in 1940. According to Nininger, tektites were hurled away from the Moon when large meteorites struck the lunar surface, producing the vast craters which we now know. Recent work by Charters and Summers has shown that the ratio of 'backsplash' velocity to impact velocity is about 0.3, so that Nininger's process is well within the bounds of possibility. On the other hand, it seems that the total mass of known tektites is rather too great for the 'backsplash' hypothesis to be valid; and if the Moon is involved at all, it seems that active volcanoes are a more probable cause of the ejection of material.

We still do not know definitely how the Earth and other planets came into being. The general view today is that they grew by accretion out of a disk-shaped cloud of matter surrounding the primeval Sun. We are also uncertain of the origin of the asteroids and meteoric bodies. They may represent the broken fragments of an old planet (or planets) which met with disaster, probably by collision, and accordingly it has been maintained that tektites originated in the central, intensely heated part of this ancient planet.

One fact, at least, emerges from all this research: whatever they may be, the tektites are not of terrestrial origin. It seems overwhelmingly likely that they came from space, and that their second heating was produced by friction against the atmosphere. Of the current theories, that of ejection from lunar volcanoes seems the most probable, even though the evidence is largely indirect and is certainly inconclusive. In this case, we are actually privileged to handle material which once formed part of the Moon itself.

Opinions may change during the coming years, and many problems remain to be solved, but nobody is likely to deny that the tektites—small and unspectacular though they are—are among the most enigmatical objects known to science.—*Based on the B.B.C. television programme of December 5, when Patrick Moore was talking to Dr. M. H. Hey, a Senior Principal Scientific Officer of the Department of Mineralogy at the British Museum (Natural History)*

The Discovery of the World, by Albert Bettex (Thames and Hudson, £5 5s.), is a lavishly illustrated history of 3,500 years of man's exploration of the earth. The narrative includes extracts from contemporary records, but the story is mainly told through the reproductions—maps, drawings, lithographs, etc.—of which there are over 300, thirty-six of them in colour.

From the Villino Chiaro

By DOUGLAS CLEVERDON

THE recent sale of Sir Max Beerbohm's library and literary manuscripts at Sotheby's stimulated a degree of publicity that Sir Max might have found rather startling, if not positively distasteful; and the airing—to use one of his own synonyms for broadcasting—the airing of any further comment might seem an impertinence. But there will never again be an opportunity of seeing all the books and manuscripts assembled under one roof, as they were for so many years at the Villino Chiaro in Rapallo.

It is just fifty years ago—in 1910—that Max Beerbohm went to live in Rapallo. For twelve years he had been dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review* in succession to Bernard Shaw, expending his talents on—for the most part—ephemeral and worthless productions; never once, he tells us, did he sit down eager to write, nor once had he written with ease and delight. But in 1908 he saw the enchanting American actress Florence Kahn in a production of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*. Two years later he married her. They abandoned their respective careers, and bought the Villino Chiaro in Rapallo. Here, except for the parentheses of the wars, they lived in Horatian simplicity for the rest of their lives.

Of the books, drawings and manuscripts that were sold there were of course a few that pre-dated the move to Rapallo: for example, a couple of volumes of Oscar Wilde from the early eighteen-nineties—*Intentions* and the original French edition of *Salomé*—both of them elaborately illustrated in pen and wash by Max Beerbohm in the manner of Aubrey Beardsley: Oscar Wilde, for instance, in his top hat, floats ethereally among the stars as he strums his lyre. There was a fragment of a comic song on various types of undergraduates, which Max wrote at Merton—not very witty, perhaps, but no doubt acceptable for a college smoker; and a cheap edition of Shakespeare in which he had written eight irreverent limericks:

No doubt you have heard of Othello
An African sort of a fellow
When they said, 'you are black'
He replied, 'Take it back!
I am only an exquisite yellow'.

Among various lots of letters there was a superb series of eighty-four from William Rothenstein, beginning in the early 'nineties. A letter that Rothenstein wrote from Sale, in Cheshire, in December, 1899, establishes that Max had already started work on an early draft of *Zuleika Dobson*:

Few and vague rumours of literary London reach us here; what of Zuleika and her undergraduations? I trust she is finished, and that you will again delight my ears with your catalogue raisonné of her perfections and my senses with the description of her faults.

But it was not until he was settled in Rapallo in 1910 that Max revised and completed the novel. It was published in 1911. One perquisite that the author received was a binder's dummy copy of the book, of which the blank leaves were used intermittently during the next twenty-two years for diary

entries by both Max and Florence Beerbohm. The entries give some hint of the agreeable simplicity of life at the Villino Chiaro.

Oct. 24, 1911. New servant very good. Floods in Rapallo. We walked in and back.

Oct. 25. New servant still better. Rain, on the other hand, no better. Clothilde engaged to coastguard—or thinks so—or would have others think so—

Oct. 26. Asti for luncheon in honour of Zuleika's publication.

Nearly every day, in spite of the weather, the Beerbohms walked the three miles into Rapallo and looked at the English newspapers in the Caffé Roma, or at Verdi's, and walked up the steep coast road back to the Villino. But soon the entries in the diary become sparser.

Nov. 29—Dec. 2. These days illustrating and grangerising Zuleika.

(This wonderful copy of Zuleika, with its illustrations in colour, was not in the sale.)

Dec. 6-10. Still doing the illustrated Zuleika.

Dec. 11-16. Same as previous pages.

Dec. 21. Painted the Study.



Decoration by Max Beerbohm in the first edition of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*



Frontispiece to *English Odes*, selected by Edmund W. Gosse: a small engraving of a classical composition in honour of Pindar, by Hamo Thornycroft, converted by Max Beerbohm into a portrait of Gosse holding the engraving as a tablet

Sir Max's study, as I remember it, was painted blue. It stood on the terrace of the Villino, like a small square summer-house, overlooking the Bay of Rapallo. On the walls were hung several small pictures (which were in the sale) that were of special interest to him: a caricature portrait of Disraeli, for instance, which Max copied from a *Vanity Fair* caricature by Carlo Pellegrini, and a photograph of Aubrey Beardsley, in the hotel bedroom at Mentone in which he died.

It was in the Blue Study also that Max Beerbohm kept most of his not very large collection of books. Many of them he enriched with annotations, sometimes affectionate—as when, in his copy of *The Testament of John Davidson*, the note ends: 'Beloved John Davidson! There is none of my dead friends of whom I think more often or with more love'. Sometimes the annotations were more pungent—as in the Jamesian annotation on the title-page of *Works and Days*, compiled from the journal of the two maiden ladies who wrote under the pseudonym of Michael Field: 'What a dreadfully vain, perky, affected, pretentious and provincial couple of frumps they, in themselves, as revealed in the following pages, were!'

But to another authoress Max Beerbohm was deeply attached. In Sir Theodore Martin's compilation, *Queen Victoria as I Knew Her*, the words 'Victoria the Great and Good' printed in heavy Gothic script, are followed by Max's inscription:

(continued on page 1146)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

December 14-20

Wednesday, December 14

A rebellion is reported to have broken out in Ethiopia during the absence of the Emperor in Brazil

The French authorities in Algeria order immediate dissolution of the *Front de l'Algérie* and a number of student movements responsible for the recent riots

Fighting continues in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos, between right-wing and pro-Communist forces

Thursday, December 15

Several people are reported killed in fighting in Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia

King Mahendra of Nepal takes over administrative power after dissolving parliament and arresting the government

King Baudouin of the Belgians marries Doña Fabiola de Mora y Aragon in Brussels

Commons discuss flood relief

Friday, December 16

137 people are killed in a collision between two American airliners over New York during a snowstorm

Emperor Haile Selassie returns to Ethiopia
America offers five Polaris submarines to the Nato countries

Anti-Communist forces in Laos claim to have gained control of Vientiane

Saturday, December 17

About fifty people are killed when an American transport aircraft crashes in centre of Munich

The revolt in Ethiopia is said to have collapsed

The Central Africa Federal Review conference adjourns until the New Year

Sunday, December 18

All trains on Scotland's new electric service between Glasgow and Helensburgh are to be temporarily withdrawn following a series of breakdowns

Ministerial meeting of the North Atlantic alliance ends in Paris

Monday, December 19

More than 40 people are killed and about 200 injured in a fire on board the new U.S. aircraft-carrier 'Constellation' in Brooklyn shipyard, New York

A simplified tourist passport is to be issued for short visits by British nationals to certain European countries

Tuesday, December 20

Mr. Hammarskjöld warns the U.N. General Assembly that if civil war breaks out in the Congo the U.N. forces might have to withdraw

Mr. Khrushchev is present in the Kremlin for the opening of a new session of the Supreme Soviet

Big changes on the railways are foreshadowed in a Government White Paper. They include the abolition of the British Transport Commission



Russia: children watching with Pierrot an entertainment at one of the many parties given for them at the Kremlin, Moscow, during the festive season. Secular festivities in the Soviet Union are linked with the New Year. Christmas is celebrated only as a religious festival and, as the Orthodox churches keep to the old calendar, the feast is held by them on January 7



Spain: torchlight procession of the three Magi in Calatayud, Aragon



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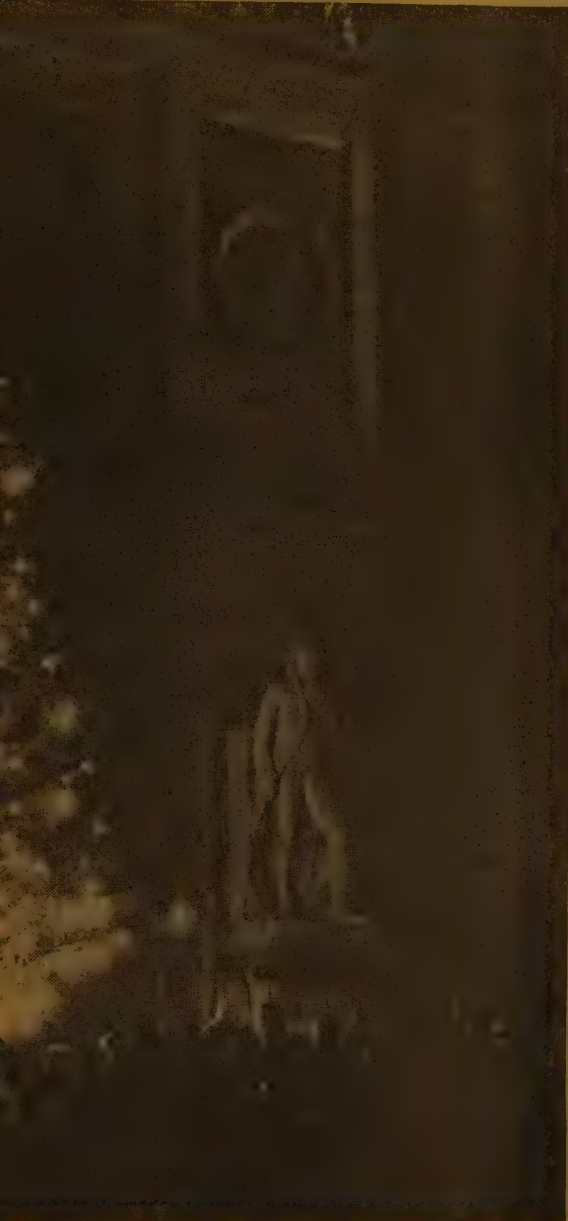


The United States: a Christmas tree in New York City. The archway is part of the inauguration as President



Denmark: figure of a saint next to a Christmas tree. It is customary on Christmas eve, to put out a bowl of food for the saint that he would otherwise bring

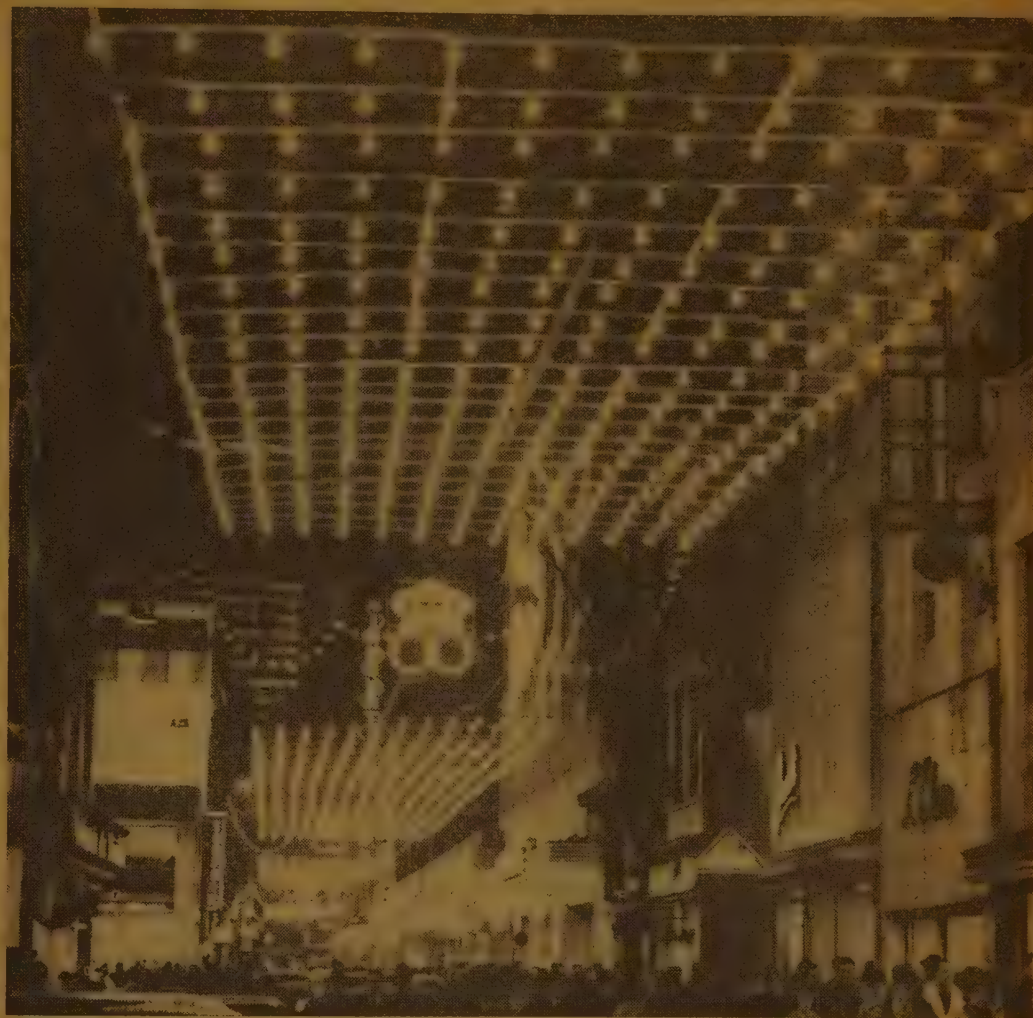
CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS ROUND THE WORLD



Tree in Washington Square, New York
George Washington's first
place in New York in 1789



Traditional household gnome, on a
Danish homes, on Christmas
for the nisse, for it is believed
mischief in the house



Belgium: a lattice-
work of lights over
the Rue Neuve, in
Brussels. The emblem
of crown and rings
marks the marriage
last week of King
Baudouin to Doña
Fabiola



West Germany: children with their wreath of
Advent candles; one is lit on each of the four
Sundays preceding Christmas Day



The Holy Land: worshippers in the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, the centre
of Christian pilgrimage at this time. The church was built by the Emperor
Constantine in A.D. 326 and is shared by several communities

(continued from page 1145)

—or at any rate, in un-Gothic script, The Good and Human, the Likeable, the even Lovable; and the Peculiar, the never Uninteresting. And in his copy of Queen Victoria's *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands*, Max has forged a mock inscription in the Queen's handwriting:

For Mr. Beerbohm, the never-sufficiently-to-be-studied writer whom Albert looks down on affectionately, I am sure. From his Sovereign, Victoria R.I. Balmoral 1898.

On the back of the title, in the same handwriting, are 'Some opinions of the Press':

'Cuts deep . . . Had Marie Bashkirtseff sat on a throne for a good long time she might have done something like this—but we can think of no one else . . . '—*Ladies' Pictorial*

'A style as pure as her Court, and we cannot give higher praise than that'—*Windsor Mercury*.

In addition to these annotated volumes, there are the books that Max himself decorated, illustrated, re-illustrated, grangerised, or otherwise maltreated. He enjoyed 'improving' title-pages by pasting upon them suitable illustrations cut from advertisements, newspapers, and so on. What he describes as 'One of my earliest "misleading Title Pages"' can be seen in G. S. Street's *Books and Things*, where Max has improved the title by the addition of a printed illustration of a fawn smelling a flower.

Other improved title-pages can be seen in Hilaire Belloc's *Cruise of the 'Nona'*, adorned with a Victorian woodcut of a sea-sick couple crossing the Channel: Virginia Woolf's *Common Reader* improved by a woodcut (coloured and touched up by Max) of a spectacled Victorian spinster reading a book: Yeats's *Poems*, with the woodcut of a blackguardly Irish peasant: or Herbert Trench's *New Poems*, published in 1907, with a water-colour on the title of Apollo in a bathing-slip, holding a lyre, and a Jolly Jack Tar dancing a hornpipe. This illustrates a long dialogue in verse entitled 'Apollo and the Seaman' in which Max interpolated extra lines of verse. To quote one example (revealing the taboos on four-letter words that were current in 1907): the printer dared not print the word Hell in full when Apollo declaims:

—Unkennelled H-ll was loose
And swarmed in escalate.

SEAMAN: You say, Aitch, hyphen, double ell!
D'you mean that word that rhymes
with Nell?

Dickens's heroine, Little Nell?

APOLLO: Your question is indelicate,
Your curiosity too great.
Just what I mean, I dare not state.

Max Beerbohm took extraordinary pains in the 'improving' of these volumes. The most elaborate example is Archibald Henderson's biography of George Bernard Shaw. Max is said to have worked on this book, off and on, for a whole year, as a present for William Archer. Using an erasing knife, indian ink, and occasionally water-colour, he superimposed the most grotesque features on the portraits of Shaw, Sidney Webb, Archer, William Morris, and others, and annotated the plates with comments purporting to be written by Professor Henderson. There is, for instance, the portrait of Shaw as the Socialist. Max has transformed him into a luridly diabolical figure wearing a green billycock hat with a feather. The annotation attributed to Professor Henderson informs us that:

THE CRUISE OF THE "NONA" By H. BELLOC



LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LTD
1925

Title-page of the first edition 'improved' by Max Beerbohm by the addition of a Victorian woodcut of a sea-sick couple crossing the Channel

In the Spring of '91 Eleanor Marx had given to Shaw, as a token of esteem, a green billycock hat which had belonged to her father in his bourgeois days. 'It went', says Shaw, 'to my head'. He feverishly applied himself to the task of dressing 'up to' it. Having succeeded in doing this, he offered himself as a candidate for admission to the Marlborough House Set, but was rejected. In deep bitterness of spirit he fell back on the Tivoli Bar, where he perceptibly coarsened. This was a very sad time for all Shaw's friends.

One other annotation in Henderson's book I must mention. Facing page 418 is a photograph of Shaw's ugly little villa at Ayot St. Lawrence. Beneath it is printed the direction 'Facing page 418'; and preceding this direction there comes the manuscript annotation:

Shaw never ceases to surprise you. He is what the French call *imprévisible*. With him you must always 'expect the unexpected'. The ordinary successful man chooses a country house facing South. Shaw chose one (Facing page 418).

The early years at Rapallo were marvellously fruitful. Max drew a number of cartoons and caricatures—some for his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in 1911, some for the volume of *Fifty Caricatures*, published in 1913. Two or three of these were included in the sale. Among the early Rapallo manuscripts were the final drafts of several of the parodies for *A Christmas Garland*, published in 1912; of 'James Pethel', the first of the stories in *Seven Men*, and the essay on Nat Goodwin and Hall Caine. In 1913 he wrote the superb por-

trait study of George Moore; it was broadcast in 1950. The manuscript contains several caricatures of George Moore, who was one of Max's favourite subjects. There are two delicious portraits of Moore in a first edition of *Hail and Farewell* which also contains, on a fly leaf, in Max Beerbohm's hand, this:

Elegy on any Lady
by G.M.

That she adored me as the most
Adorable of males
I think I may securely boast . . .
Dead women tell no tales

One covetable manuscript was a large notebook in which Max jotted down his recollections of eminent contemporaries, such as Swinburne, Henry James, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, G. K. Chesterton. His notes on Chesterton describe him as

. . . like a mountain, and a volcanic one—constant streams of talk flowing down—paradoxes flung up in the air—very magnificent . . . Often met . . . both bad correspondents. When he wrote, I didn't—and vice versa. This was a bond—but an obstacle to intimacy.

There are very full notes on a couple of visits to George Meredith:

Grey dressing-gown—Olympian—Battered statue of Jupiter. Blurred outlines—eyes dim but magnificent . . . The drawl of the swell of the 'sixties. 'Leisah!' His chaff of the nurse—'No idea of poetry. Excellent creechah! Make a good wife for a soldier—some regular cut-and-thrust fellow!' Meredith's pre-occupation with women. No Puritanism or hypocrisy. The way German women love. About old men. Most of them envious. Not he. Read the reports of divorce cases with interest, envying the co-respondent, but not grudging him anything . . . Pathos of his tears at Swinburne's death. He could not keep up his

NEW POEMS

APOLLO & THE SEAMAN
THE QUEEN OF GOTHLAND
STANZAS TO TOL-LOL
AND OTHER LYRICS

BY

HERBERT TRENCH



LONDON: METHUEN AND CO.
ESSEX STREET, STRAND

Water-colour by Max Beerbohm on the title-page of the first edition: Apollo in a bathing slip, with his lyre, and a Jolly Jack Tar dancing a hornpipe

panache. Splendid old age. Serene—And yet sad—lonely.

So the notes ran on, for a whole page in Max Beerbohm's tiny writing.

Another manuscript, or rather collection of manuscripts, of roughly the same period consisted of about 100 pages of autograph notes and drafts for an unfinished novel entitled *The Mirror of the Past*. It starts with an eleven-page synopsis. The chief character is presented as an elderly friend of Max Beerbohm's, named Sylvester Herringham, who possesses a mirror which has ceased to reflect present things and reflects only the past, moving backwards in time at the same speed as life moves forward. Herringham's marriage had failed many years before; his wife had run off with a seducer who soon deserted her; and eventually she died in miserable poverty. Herringham blames himself for the tragedy; and lives for the day when the mirror will have travelled far enough back in time for him to see her once again.

Rather oddly involved in this fantasy is an evocation of the literary and artistic world of the eighteen-seventies and eighties. Herringham, or Hethway as Max later renamed him, had been a friend of Rossetti, William Morris, Carlyle, Walter Pater, and others, and Max records some reminiscences that Hethway is purported to have told him. These reminiscences—a literary

counterpart of the superb series of caricatures of *Rossetti and his Circle*—were used, under the title of 'Hethway Speaking', for Max Beerbohm's broadcast on Christmas Day, 1955.

Another manuscript was the first draft of *Savonarola Brown*, written in pencil with a large number of deletions and revisions. The earliest part of the manuscript seemed to be the original incomplete draft of the play, headed

Savonarola (sic)
A Tragedy in Five Acts
by E. S. Hinks.

When the introductory narrative was added, the author's name was altered to Savonarola Smith, and finally to Brown.

Other lots consisted of working notes and fragmentary drafts from various projected essays and *jeux d'esprit*—'Glimpses of Royalty', 'The Art of Shaving', 'Henry James', 'Dr. Johnson', 'Men's Clothes', 'Anthony Trollope'.

Two things in particular I longed to possess: one, the manuscript of the first draft of 'H. B. Irving as a Young Man', which I so nostalgically recall Sir Max recording for me in Rapallo six years ago; the other—for its total recall of the Villino Chiaro—the diary in the dummy copy of *Zuleika*, which peters out on January 1, 1912, is resumed in September, 1920, for a few weeks, again in November, 1921, and in October, 1922:

Strategy and the Second Strike

(concluded from page 1132)

opponent. It is rather like the restraint exercised in the last war by amphibious forces. As long as Britain kept her amphibious forces threatening the enemy but uncommitted, they distracted far more German divisions than they did once they had been committed, and I would hope therefore that Nato would go in for a strategy in which nuclear weapons were kept well up the sleeve and not thrown about right at the start.

Brodie: I agree entirely on that, and it seems to me also that the threat of the possible use of nuclear weapons is bound to be there all the time anyway; so long as they exist they are going to exercise that degree of influence—or, if you will, that degree of deterrence. Nations today are far less likely to go to war over any given issue than they would have been a generation ago, or even sixteen years ago, to mention the period just before nuclear weapons; and this is one of the few clear-cut benefits we have out of the existence of these things. We might as well appreciate it for what it is worth. So it seems to me we could not really guarantee the non-use of nuclear weapons anyway: I do not think we would be believed by the other side, and it should not be so, because we cannot really predict our actions to that extent.

Grant: No: once both sides have them, you have to keep them, failing general disarmament.

Brodie: But that is certainly a different position from saying we ought under all circumstances to use them, which has tended to be a line of argument, and to be a remedy for weaknesses which might have other remedies.

Grant: Yes, there is a tremendous field, for instance, in the development of conventional weapons, which seem to me to have been extraordinarily neglected in favour of research into

nuclear weapons. If we had put something of that effort into the development of conventional weapons we should be in such an immeasurably stronger position for conventional defence.

Brodie: I agree with you, and yet I have a certain sympathy with the attitude that one does not want to appear altogether out of date. That has been an attitude which certainly many of my military friends, and civilian friends too, have had about these things—was it not really a little ridiculous in this age to talk about military action in which nuclear weapons were not used? Until we get some of these larger questions answered which have come up in our discussion I would like to see a little more caution in this thinking.

Grant: I think myself that the Nato strategy ought to be to put into the field a sufficiently well-equipped and mobile conventional force, to put the onus on to an enemy of using nuclear weapons first or of climbing down. It is much simpler to use these things second, if at all, than to use them first, which I regard as almost impossible for either side and particularly for the West. Frankly, we shall never get the right kind of conventional forces in Nato as long as the Nato nations, or their governments, are sold the notion that nuclear weapons replace missing, well-equipped divisions. I am wondering, too, at this point how far there is any justification for the idea of a Nato deterrent. Supposing this Nato deterrent goes through, we may be in great danger of littering Europe with ballistic missiles of one kind and another, which are surely going to make any future hope of disarmament or arms control in Europe impossible.

Brodie: I suppose there is always the danger

of having been doing a Z. Dobson oval design for arch in hall. Florence rather more resigned to such attempts:

beginning again on October 11, 1927, with a startling discovery:

Strange that the electric stove, year by year, should move one to resume this diary! This evening the electric stove re-appeared on the scene. Hence this resumption.

And two pages later:

And now it is
1929!
May 29

And neither Florence nor I wrote a single word about 1928. Surely 1928 must have deserved a word or two?

Then an entry on November 22, 1929, this time in Florence's hand:

There never was a diary like this. Max is in bed but very comfortable. Savory eggs, anchovy and cheese! He does love being in bed, even if he only has 'Notes from a Diary' by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

Then, on Sunday, January 8, 1933, Max writes the last entry of all:

It seems that nothing at all happened in 1932. Let us now resume the Grevillian pen . . . We spent New Year's Eve with the dear Hauptmanns . . . Good orange year . . . Lemons doing well too . . .

—Third Programme

of that. On the other hand one can say these might be bargaining tokens. It depends in large measure on the future political climate; of course these weapons tend in themselves to affect the political climate—there is a sort of inevitable vicious circle there. One of the perennial embarrassments about having the means of security is that they are provocative, and we just have to live with that fact and accept it. Certainly if the enemy ever does attack us in an all-out attack, the basic reason will be because he fears that we will make such an attack. To come back to the nuclear submarine, I would not want to assume that in the future this fear is going to be entirely done with. It is a question partly of how much political leaders under duress are going to recognize objective facts for what they are. It is a world of uncertainties and it is also a world in which the persons who push the button, their 'go' and 'no go' decisions, are very fallible, and also subject to all sorts of God-knows-what inner compulsions.

Grant: I am glad you ended on a note of uncertainty, because it is the prevailing impression that such a discussion as this must generate, and which is in fact a faithful reflection of the world as we see it today. I think that this uncertainty and the difficult decisions on what to do about it will be coming up at the Nato ministerial meeting in Paris, and one can see that they have got a great deal on their plate in trying to sort out between two or more courses of policy, all of which have great dangers and many uncertainties.—Third Programme

D. M. Low, editor of *Gibbon's Journal*, has made a one-volume abridgement of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (Chatto and Windus, 36s.).

The Diverting Talent of Zoffany

By DAVID PIPER

'WHILST WE ARE on the subject of illustration let us turn to Zoffany, a very much smaller personality than Hogarth and less gifted by nature, but fortunately not obsessed by any idea of the importance of his message to mankind'. That was Roger Fry, introducing a scant half-page on Zoffany in his *Reflections on British Painting*. It is good to know that even the great Fry could relax in the presence of Zoffany, yet even so there is an echo of condescension in his welcome. Of course art-historians must range their subjects in degrees of importance in history and of quality, but there are occasions (and artists) when the necessity to assess inevitably makes the historian sound as if he were wading in a small and elegant pool in gum-boots, with a most unmannerly and plonking pomposity.

Zoffany is one of those artists. If you are an art-historian you will know that he is a 'minor artist'; if you are an art-historian your enjoyment of the travelling show of his paintings that the Arts Council has arranged* may be more qualified than that of the 'ordinary public' who, I hope, will flock to see it. But qualifications are a known occupational risk to art-historians and need deter no one. Really, for Zoffany, comparisons—whether with Hogarth or anyone else—are invidious, and generally unprofitable, and it is a delight to have his unique and diverting talent isolated in a one-man show: in fact the first, I believe, he has had. I understand also that the reason why the exhibition is rather smaller than it was meant to be (twenty-three paintings instead of thirty), and has some rather obvious gaps in the full representation of his scope, is simply that owners could not bear to part with their Zoffanys; these are not pictures that hang in the more stately and often remote (and always colder) parts of the house, to be shown in the guided tour; they tend to hang over the fireplace in the sitting-room. Which means, not only do they delight, but they go on delighting; they may not disturb, nor either raise profound questions or settle them, but they decorate and remain agreeably alive, and whenever you look at them, they answer. Pictures to live with.

Johann Zoffany was the last master to specialize in that most English branch of art, the conversation piece; he was also a Middle-European Jewish immigrant, trained in Germany and Rome before arriving here about 1760.

While his paintings are undeniably English, they also, throughout his career until he stopped painting around 1800, retain a flavour that seems German—that of *Gemütlichkeit*, that untranslatable quality: cosy, agreeable, good-natured, prosperous, comfortable, bourgeois—all these words lie on the periphery of its meaning, but none encompass it. It is entirely typical of



'The Sharp Family', by Zoffany: lent to the Arts Council by Miss Olive Lloyd-Baker

Zoffany that in certain of his conversation pieces for the first time a blazing coal fire plays an important role, actively warming his characters.

His first prosperity here was probably due to David Garrick, who used the painter as an important component of his formidable publicity campaign. For him Zoffany painted many of his stage conversations, lively and realistic renderings of scenes from plays, and this experience surely accounts to a considerable extent not only for the slightly absurd, over-large and charming rhetoric of gesture and grouping that characterizes his straight conversation pieces, but also for the very genuine sense of the dramatic moment that fuses the best of them (such as the famous 'Lord Willoughby de Broke and Family') from being mere assemblages into true groups.

Yet the more crowded scenes, that seem sometimes to be accumulated according to the pragmatism of flower arrangement (herbaceous and English country-house traditional, not Japanese) rather than to the laws of pictorial composition, are also magnificent entertainments. This show includes that extraordinary

triumphal pyramid of the Sharp family of Fulham, out on a barge on the Thames for their annual musical excursion. This has not been seen in public for many years; it has been cleaned recently, and if it demonstrates Zoffany's chief weakness (his inability to control his compositions by tonal means), it demonstrates even more strikingly some of his greatest virtues: as

a most delicate virtuoso of clear cool colour; as a draughtsman efficient to the point of a delightful naïveté (so that you are sometimes challenged to check up, in such a complex of limbs, that nobody owns more than two each of legs and arms); as an enthusiast, an exuberant. This group also shows at its best his powers of characterization, which tend to be underrated; it is true that his small children all resemble troll-like dolls, their heads over-heavy and insecure, and that his plump middle-aged men are all alike, but give him a matron to draw and he has no peer. These high and plain Anglican countenances of English musical dames, severe yet benevolent, vague yet keen, do not date; their owners could get off the barge and on to the parked bicycles and off to a sherry party, unaware that Mr. Angus Wilson was watching, and indeed indifferent should they find out.

The show has been excellently selected (subject to reluctant owners) and catalogued by Professor Waterhouse. The importance of the theatrical pieces is emphasized, as also, for the first time, Zoffany's underestimated powers as a portraitist of the single figure, life-size. Examples are not common, but can be of the most remarkably trenchant and unexpected simplicity; the pair in the show of George III and Queen Charlotte are masterpieces of informal royal portraiture, and, in composition, perhaps the most satisfactorily resolved of all his paintings. But it will always be, in the end, for his little group paintings that Zoffany will be known and loved. If Roger Fry's classification of them in general as 'illustration' rather than great art be ungrudgingly admitted, they have still, besides the illumination that they shed on social history and manners, besides their charming anecdotality, a pleasure that is genuinely visual in store for the open eye.

* At Birmingham City Art Gallery (until December 24); Reading Art Gallery (December 31-January 21, 1961); Towner Art Gallery, Eastbourne (January 28-February 18); Leicester Art Gallery (February 25-March 18); and at Temple Newsam House, Leeds (March 25-April 15).

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'Panorama': Aviation Fuel

Sir,—Your television critic, Mr. Peter Pound, was good enough to draw attention (THE LISTENER, December 1) to the item about aviation fuel in 'Panorama' (November 21) in which I appeared. Your readers may be interested to see the correspondence I have had with the Director General of the International Air Transport Association on this subject:

December 2, 1960

My dear Brab:

When some months ago you expressed views about JP-4 at an A.R.B. lunch, I wrote to you limiting myself to a correction of the accident figures wrongly ascribed to you in the press reports.

I now learn from *Flight* and other sources that the subject has been raised again, this time on television before 8,000,000 viewers. The incident has been, I find, brought up at a meeting of I.A.T.A.'s technical committee which is at present meeting in Rio and I have just received the following cable from the chairman:

'I wish to inform you that as result of discussion at technical committee meeting in Rio it is their unanimous opinion that recent public statements and television demonstration in the U.K. on JP-4 versus kerosene are harmful to the worldwide airline industry and might indirectly be handicap to the British aviation manufacturers. The Committee feels most strongly that generalized public statements on such complicated technical matters by persons holding responsible positions in aviation and particularly airworthiness authorities are wrong in principle and can only be harmful to the formulation of sound technical decisions based on factual evidence. —Chairman I.A.T.A. technical committee'.

This Committee contains a score of the best technical operators in the international industry. The annual conference which they control brings together over 500 of the best minds from research establishments, government departments, fuel specialists, engine, airframe and accessory manufacturers, and fighting services. They are doing a serious and valuable job. I have no difficulty in placing before you their opinion with which I agree.

I am very good at minding my own business but supposing you were absolutely right in your views, is it good to ventilate those views before 8,000,000 'sweaty night caps'. What does it avail you? With your enormous prestige is it not better to hammer those views out with technical people rather than to make dangerous statements to the emotional millions?

And if you were wrong in your views, then have you not done a real disservice to the cause of aviation in general and perhaps to British aviation in particular? I am puzzled and disturbed to find that you have chosen such a form.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM P. HILDRED,
Director General

December 12, 1960

My dear Hildred,

Always pleasant to have a letter from you, but the one I am about to answer is signed by you as Director General of I.A.T.A. and it is to that individual I must address these somewhat harsh words.

Let us be perfectly clear about the subject. No one has disputed, least of all myself, that turbine engines can run satisfactorily and safely on kerosene or J.P.4, otherwise the A.R.B. would not have certified them as airworthy.

The point is that speeds of take-off and landing have gone up and in the event of a minor crash fuel will be spilt.

What I have done is to show the somewhat axiomatic fact graphically that whereas kerosene takes time to ignite, J.P.4 flashes into a bonfire. No conference of so-called experts gathered at Rio or anywhere else can dispute this. I cannot follow why the truth about the behaviour of the two fuels under the circumstances named should not be known and is it not an example of contempt for your passengers, upon whom you exist, and your desire to keep them in ignorance of something that affects them, that you should dub those that saw the B.B.C. television programme as '8,000,000 sweaty night caps'?

The crux of the question was given away by Mr. Knut Hagrup at Copenhagen when he said 'The point is that if J.P.4 tends to become cheaper (it isn't now but it may become cheaper) then we must be ready for it'.

Strange that there was no desire to use J.P.4 when it was dearer. The same so called experts existed before, but their super knowledge was never voiced!

It is patently clear that the desire to use J.P.4 is based on money making. I freely admit it has always been a question as to how much you should pay for safety. In this case on the basis that truth and knowledge should be known, it may be passengers might be prepared to pay a surcharge for travelling by kerosene, but I cannot and will not subscribe to your views that everyone except those interested in running airlines should be kept in ignorance of basic facts.

A word about the rather comic telegram from Rio. First of all, if the technical committee are unconvinced as to what happens to the respective fuels in the case of a minor crash I am quite prepared to repeat the experiment, but a study of the La Guardia accident to an Electra when seventy people walked out of an aeroplane using kerosene that crashed and caught fire, instead of being burned alive, will appeal to passengers, if not apparently to some operators.

Second of all I do not follow the rather sinister veiled threat to British aviation. Turbine engines are turbine engines wherever they are made, and most reputable operators all over the world use kerosene.

The question your 'best minds' have to answer is, in what way has J.P.4 suddenly become so safe, now it is cheaper than kerosene?

I will not disclose to you my real opinion of I.A.T.A., but you must bear in mind that it is an organization of operators and for that very reason the decisions they take are for their own advantage. There are other points of view and the time has come when they will be aired even if it is disagreeable to the Association.

It is indeed a strange situation I find myself in to be accused of doing harm to aviation by endeavouring to make it safer.

As it was the B.B.C. who inspired the demonstration I am sending this correspondence to them, as it will interest them.

Yours sincerely,

BRABAZON OF TARA

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BRABAZON OF TARA

Dry Rot and Redbrick

Sir,—Mr. Gordon Leff in his letter in THE LISTENER of December 15) would appear to be attacking someone whose ideas would lead, within our universities, to a dilution of standards, a sweeping away of research and democracy, a drilling in factual material, mediocrity and mindless automatons. Who this is, I do not know, but fortunately it can hardly be I. My writings on university affairs have chiefly concerned two matters. One is the far from novel plea for a broader education and less factual teaching. Over a period of five years I must have spent nearly 2,000 hours investigating the extent to which one body of students was being educated in any sense traditionally associated with a university. My other main plea has been for the recognition of excellence rather than a mediocrity stemming from departmentalism and egalitarianism.

I want those who love teaching to be free to teach, and be rewarded for it, without necessarily making a pretence of research. To keep abreast of advances in one's own and in cognate subjects the world over, and to synthesize them and discuss them with students, can be a whole time job. I want men engaged on research of quality to be free from university chores, and often from teaching, so that their research work may be done, not in odd half hours and days, but under conditions enjoyed by research institutions.

I am not interested in attempting to relate these desires to Mr. Gordon Leff's interpretation of them, nor do I know enough about Mr. Kingsley Amis to compete with him in an exchange of personal pleasantries. It is a curious fact that personal letters of support have come largely from scientists and engineers while those who have opposed my views in your columns have been men of the humanities. Once again I feel I have failed to make it clear that I am chiefly concerned with university work in the pure and applied sciences on which the future of our country greatly depends.

Let me put the matter simply and bluntly.

(a) Do the universities want their students, including those from the culturally poorer homes, to be broadly educated or not? In particular, do they want graduates of the pure and applied sciences, including medicine, to go out into the world able to talk and write clearly about their own and cognate subjects, with a knowledge of their history and of how they fit into the pattern of society? If they do, will at least one university, perhaps with the aid of one of the wealthy foundations, investigate whether this objective is being achieved?

It may prove that great changes are needed in staff recruitment, teaching, and organization, but let us first find the facts.

(b) Will at least one university be bold enough to invite an inquiry, perhaps by the Royal Society, into the quality of research and research training in the pure and applied sciences and the extent to which they are handicapped by the custom of autonomous departments?

Although I believe that some measure of

authority is needed above the professorial level (though less than is commonly exercised by a professorial head of an autonomous department), I have no blueprint for a reformed university. There are too many men who are afraid of the emergence of facts about the results of spending the tax-payers' millions on universities, but given the courage to produce the facts, some of the things to be done are likely to be obvious to men of goodwill.

Yours, etc.,

Malvern

A. P. ROWE

Sir,—While I would agree with Dr. A. P. Rowe that one needs good teachers, good researchers, and good administrators in a university, I do not believe that teaching and research and administrative ability are so separated that one would commonly find a person possessing one of these attributes only and completely devoid of the other two. Over the past quarter-century I have observed a positive correlation between good teaching and good research, and I believe there is some correlation between all three attributes in a given individual. Obviously all three demand, among other things, clarity of mind, firmness of purpose, and imagination. There certainly appears to be a correlation in the opposite sense, in that it is common enough to find poor administrators who are poor teachers and poor researchers, or perhaps it is sufficient to say regretfully that it is common enough to find poor administrators.

Both Dr. Rowe and Mr. R. F. Tuckett appear to favour full-time governing boards of administrators for universities, as is commonly found in industry, but the academic world is naturally democratic and non-authoritarian and it only superficially resembles industry in having a production line of students and an end product of graduates. Again, on seeing industrial administrators in action one is only too frequently aware that they, in common with academics and others, often confuse activity with action and prejudices with ideas, so that one marvels not that universities run as badly as they do, but that industries run as well as they do.

There are certainly many faults in the organization of British universities. One of them is the sharp-pointed departmental pyramid with the professor perched on the pinnacle, appointed for his prowess in research and then burdened with departmental and university administration. A brisk adoption of American (and now, *inter alia*, Dutch) practice would work wonders here, and by that I mean a truncated departmental pyramid with a large flat top on which roam several professors of equal rank who take it in turn to be chairman and departmental head. This would have the advantages of giving a professor equal colleagues with whom to talk in his own language and of helping him to avoid the present occupational hazard of delusions of grandeur.

There is a further profound reason for adopting this form of organization, one which has been delightfully expressed in the Cambridge University Reporter by the Committee considering the organization of the Department of Applied Mathematics and in recommending for it a non-permanent head. It may be summarized as follows: a person who aspires to administrative authority will probably have one but rarely more than one useful idea; a five-year appointment will give him time and oppor-

tunity to develop his idea and then will remove him so that he may not spend the rest of his active life in obstructing the ideas of others.

A further extension of this notion might fruitfully be considered for the redbricks and the greystones in a recasting of the Vice-Chancellorial position more in the mould of Oxbridge or the Scandinavian universities. In the latter the more senior or illustrious professors occupy in turn the position of Vice-Chancellorial power, each for three or four years, after which they return to normal academic life. One would naturally have to await the passage of time to put this into practice in the existing universities, but it ought seriously to be considered in the foundation of new ones.

Yours, etc.,

St. Andrews

J. F. ALLEN

Sir,—In a letter in THE LISTENER of December 15 Mr. Kingsley Amis assures us, authoritatively, that it is 'necessary to point out that research outside the university and research inside it are two different kinds of activity'. The context suggests that 'outside' covers research institutes.

Both the meaning and the truth of this assertion, if not its implicit snobbery, seem to me most doubtful. Mr. Amis achieved fame with a book which, intentionally or not, was a fine blow against preciousness and pretentiousness in the universities. It is really sad to see such an appallingly rapid transformation of Lucky Jim into Professor Welch.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

ERNEST GELLNER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER.]

'Romantic Art'

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of December 1 your reviewer, in the few lines which he devotes to *Romantic Art* by Marcel Brion, seems to believe that he has convicted M. Brion of being 'careless enough to invent a non-existent artist—"H. Cuthbert (worked 1858-1877)"'.

We are happy to let your readers know that Marcel Brion has not been careless and that they will find a number of drawings by Cuthbert in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in whose catalogue they are listed. Your reviewer may have expected to find H. Cuthbert mentioned in Thieme-Becker or Bénézit, from which this artist is missing. It is perhaps a pity that an authoritative reviewer relies only upon reference books which cannot be infallible for, as one sees, this can lead to an incorrect and hence damaging remark about a distinguished writer.

Yours, etc.,

Thames and Hudson Ltd.,
London, W.C.1

WALTER NEURATH
Managing Director

Mr. Basil Taylor writes:

I must indeed apologise to M. Marcel Brion for having credited him with an invention and hope that he was not required to work so hard to find that H. Cuthbert did exist as I was to discover, erroneously, that he did not. Yes, I started as Messrs. Thames & Hudson suggest with Thieme-Becker and Bénézit, but went a long way further than that into sources too numerous to mention including Graves's *Royal Academy Exhibitors* and George Shepherd's *A Short History of the British School of Painting* (3rd edition, 1891), which trawls with a pretty

fine net in the plankton of nineteenth-century art. I must confess that I relied upon the 1927 published catalogue of the Victoria and Albert Museum Watercolour Collection.

Perhaps M. Brion was inspired to include this minimal painter in his chapter and write about him in terms of 'brilliant inspirations' by works other than those mentioned by his publisher. I cannot believe that he was relying upon the watercolours at the Victoria and Albert Museum. These occur among the very large collection of copies of stage scenery and properties commissioned from seven draughtsmen by the actor Charles Kean, and acquired by the museum in 1901. They are painstaking, clumsy and entirely inartistic documents which perhaps explains why they were not thought worthy of inclusion in the Museum catalogue already mentioned.

I wonder whether after all it would not have been a more important achievement to have invented H. Cuthbert than to have resurrected him.

Keeping Babies Warm

Sir,—May I claim the right to reply to Dr. Mottram's criticism of my broadcast on the chilling of babies (THE LISTENER, November 24)?

In the issue of the *British Medical Journal*, dated January 30, 1960, there is a long report by three doctors from the Department of Child Health, University of Birmingham, in which they describe extensive research into cold injury in the newborn over a period of ten years. The number of babies studied was 183.

They showed conclusively that some of the babies found dead in their cots for no apparent reason had died from excess chilling, and they made a series of common-sense recommendations for preventing these tragedies in cold weather. Their findings have not been challenged, and are acceptable to most doctors who have charge of midwifery cases.

To pass this modern information on to unsuspecting mothers is not 'scaremongering', as Dr. Mottram suggests, but a duty which the B.B.C. has a right to perform. If, as a result, we can save the seventy-odd normal healthy babies that die each year from excessive chilling we shall earn the undying gratitude of the mothers.

Yours, etc.,

'TODAY'S' DOCTOR

Words, Words, Words

Sir,—The talk 'Words, words, words' in 'Did You Hear That?' (THE LISTENER, December 8) asks for suggestions on the origin of the Scots word 'mahooofanat' meaning stupid. It seems to be a corruption of the phrase 'I put my hoof in it' or, as it is commonly used in England, 'I put my foot in it', which means 'I made a stupid mistake'. Hoof is often used colloquially for the human leg, for example in the phrase 'hoofing it'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E. 24

PETER SUSMAN

Two volumes have been published by the Cambridge University Press about the English constitution with the explanatory subheading 'documents and commentary'. The first volume, *The Tudor Constitution*, by G. R. Elton, is said to replace the earlier volume edited by J. R. Tanner. The second volume, *The Eighteenth Century Constitution*, is compiled and introduced by E. N. Williams of Dulwich College. Each volume is arranged by subjects, draws upon a wide variety of sources, and contains an up-to-date bibliography. The price of each volume is £2 12s. 6d.; in paper-back, 27s. 6d.



A Dream of Christmas

By LUIGI PIRANDELLO*



MY BOWED HEAD was resting on my arms, and for some little while now I had had the feeling that . . . Well, it was just as if a hand were lightly touching my head in a gesture that was part caress, part protectiveness. But my soul was far, far away, wandering through all the places that I had seen since the days of my childhood, and the spirit, the very feel of those places still breathed within me. Not so strongly, however, that it could satisfy the urgent need I experienced then, to live again, if only for an instant, life as I imagined it to be unfolding in them.

There was rejoicing on every hand: in every church, in every home. Up the hill they were gathered round the Yule log. Down the hill, clustered before the Crib. Familiar faces joined with unfamiliar faces in the jollity of supper. Sacred songs, the sound of the bagpipes, the cries of exultant children, the noisy disputes of the card players . . . And the streets of the great cities and the little towns, of the villages and of the hamlets up in the Alps or by the sea-shore, all were deserted in the bitterly chill night. And I seemed to myself to be hurrying along those streets, dashing from one house to the next, so as to rejoice in the celebrations of other people, all compactly gathered into their separate worlds. I'd stop for a few moments in each house, then I'd wish them all 'Happy Christmas!' and disappear. . . .

That's how it had happened: all unawares, I'd dropped off to sleep, and I was dreaming. And in my dream, as I hurried along those deserted streets, it seemed to me that suddenly I came upon Jesus. He too was wandering abroad in that night, that very night on which the world still traditionally celebrates His birth. He was moving along almost furtively, very pale and shut up inside Himself, with one hand clasping His cloak and His deep-set, noble, brilliant eyes gazing intently into the void. He seemed filled with an intense grief and prey to an infinite sadness.

I set off along the same path, but gradually His image began to exercise so powerful an attraction over me as to absorb me into itself. And then it seemed to me that He and I made up but one person. Suddenly, abruptly, however, there came a moment when I felt dismay at my own lightness as I roved along those streets—I seemed almost to be flying above them—and instinctively I stopped. Then, on the instant, Jesus disengaged Himself from me and went along on His own, lighter than ever, almost as if He were a feather thrust on its way by a puff of wind. And I, left on the ground like a dark stain upon its face, became His shadow and followed Him.

All of a sudden the streets of the city disappeared. Jesus, like a white phantasm, shining with an inner light, flew up over a tall bramble hedge, which strode relentlessly in either direction into the infinite distance, in the middle of a black, unending plain. And when we had

reached the other side, above the hedge, He sped easily along, tall and erect, whilst I scrambled on, sprawled full-length. On and on He drew me, through thorns which pierced me all over, yet without tearing me at all.

From the shaggy, bristling hedge I climbed on up until at last, though in a very short time, I reached the soft sand of a narrow shore. Before me lay the sea, and on its throbbing, black waters, a luminous path, which ran on and on in an ever narrowing band till it became a mere point in the immense arc of the horizon. Jesus started along that path traced out by the reflected light of the moon, and I followed on behind Him, like a small, black boat amidst the flashes of light darting about the surface of the freezing waters.

Suddenly the inner light of Jesus was extinguished. Once again we were traversing the deserted streets of a great city. Now He was stopping every few moments or so to eavesdrop at the doors of the most humble houses, where Christmas, not out of sincere devotion, but because of sheer lack of money, furnished no pretext for guzzling and revelry.

'They're not asleep', Jesus murmured, and surprising a few hoarse words of hatred and envy uttered within the house, He shrank back within Himself as if assailed by a sharp spasm of pain. Then, the imprint of His nails still vivid in the backs of His pure, clasped hands, He moaned, 'Even for these did I die . . .'

So we went on, stopping every now and again. We covered a long stretch of road, until we came to a church, and there, in front of it, Jesus turned to me, His shadow on earth, and said, 'Arise and welcome Me within yourself. I wish to go and see inside this church'.

It was a magnificent church, an immense basilica with a nave and two side aisles, rich in splendid marbles, with gold gleaming in the dome, and filled with a great mass of the faithful, all intent upon the service which was being conducted from the High Altar. The Altar was gorgeously arrayed and the celebrants were surrounded by a cloud of incense. In the warm light cast from a hundred silver candlesticks the gold flecks in the rich cloth of the chasubles, set against the froth of precious lace upon the Altar, glittered at every gesture.

'And on their account', said Jesus within me, 'I should be happy, were I really to be born tonight for the first time'.

We came out of the church, and Jesus, coming out from within me and standing in front of me as before, and then placing a hand upon my breast, went on, 'I am seeking a soul in which I may live again. As you see, I am dead as far as this world is concerned. And yet it . . . Yes, it even has the audacity to fling itself into a riot of celebration on the very night of My birth. Perhaps *your* soul would not be too narrow for Me, were it not so cluttered up with all sorts of things that you ought to cast away.

From Me you would receive a hundredfold what you would be losing by following Me and abandoning what you so falsely deem needful to you and to yours: this city and its life, your dreams, the creature comforts with which you seek in vain to gladden your foolish suffering in this world . . . I am seeking a soul in which I may live again. Yours may very well be just like the soul of any other man of goodwill'.

'The city, the life it gives me, Jesus?' I replied, greatly dismayed. 'My home, my dear ones, my dreams?'

'From Me you would receive a hundredfold what you would be losing', He repeated, taking His hand away from my breast and looking fixedly at me with those deep-set, noble, brilliant eyes of His.

'Oh, I *can't*, Jesus!' I said, after a moment's perplexity, and, utterly ashamed and humiliated, I let my hands fall on to my body.

At the self-same moment, just as if that hand, which at the beginning of my dream I had felt touching my bowed head, had given me a forceful thrust against the hard wood of the little table, I awoke with a start and began rubbing my forehead, for it had gone completely numb. 'This it is, Jesus, this it is that tortures me so! For ever more, without rest and without respite, morning, noon and night, I must torment my brain with this eternal question'.

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Christmas Song

Now shall the dawn
In wonder see
Shepherd and sage
Upon their bended knee
Enter the stable cave
Enter the stable cave
Wherein the sun's creator
Lies in a hay strewn manger.

Now shall the king
And proud
Lord know
His sword and boast shall fail
And a small child prevail
Over the years
Of his empty splendour;

And that name
Shall still be spoken
And the crown of peace be blessed
When Caesar's mighty strength
Lies through ages broken.

Now spins the world
In peace,
A multicoloured singing toy,
Turning for the pleasure
Of innocence and joy.

IRIS ORTON

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

IN ADRIAN HEATH'S EXHIBITION of paintings at the Hanover the size and vigour of the large oils in the lower gallery would lead one to suppose that he had simply loosened up a bit more from the style of his previous exhibitions but that he had lost as well as gained in the process. Not surprisingly the colour is lost hold of rather than the shapes. But upstairs it is another matter—almost another artist. The pictures are smaller but not small. Three are in oil on paper with collage laid on canvas, the others are oil on paper laid on canvas or oil and gouache on paper. The process in other words has a degree of construction about it which suits the artist's temperament; he is freer and more convincingly spontaneous when there is a physical discipline involved. Also there is, in the same way, a greater sense of colour in these pictures for there being less of it—it is implied as it is in Chinese painting.

These pictures are, for me, the best things he has done to date. Heath's progress has been one of non-violent persistence along a narrow but not unknown track; as a result he has now taken a big step forward with apparent ease and is less likely to fall over his feet now that he has hit his new stride than if he had found it by chance at an earlier stage.

In the seasonal context artists must look a little wryly at the way the spirit of Christmas is becoming glamorized in the art galleries. Exhibitions at this time of year have mostly become profusions of bits and pieces from the store rooms, delectable trifles for the interior decoration of fashionable minds and fashionable flats. Admittedly the collective effect of the gimmicky sales-pressures of the surrounding shops tends to disrupt the contemplative mind in front of a serious statement such as a painting, but for this reason alone one would welcome an oasis or two where one could elevate the heart without bruising the body. The galleries which do persist in showing one-man exhibitions do more than earn the gratitude of critics; they serve a marginal but important audience: people on a visit to London (having read their weekly critics?), young intellectuals down from university (potential buyers on a small scale, maybe, but potential disseminators of ideas out of proportion to their numbers), and those who, having taken time off from work to do one kind of shopping, significantly choose to spend some of that time in search of art. I think all these people are looking for something more than light entertainment.

While it may be argued that every little work sold in this Christmas bazaar atmosphere works like a grain of mustard seed (which I take leave to doubt), to me it does more harm than good by reducing art to the level of the autograph-album. If an artist's statement has any value it must be seen whole and in context. If it can be

must have in a private house—albeit an embassy. It is unnecessary in this context to inquire immediately into the whys and wherefores of how this collection came into being or what it stands for in sociological terms other than those of the tastes and interests of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney. One is left to move about at one's

pleasure without being nudged along by a written or a hidden pattern; even the idea of historical progression is neatly avoided by hanging the most recently-painted works (Stuempfig, Wyeth, and Perlin) in close proximity to Eakins, Sargent, and Zoffany. Further, the critic's instinct to look off-centre at an exhibition, to avoid looking at the obvious masterpieces till he has taken in the rest, can be relaxed.

Cézanne, Van Gogh, Lautrec, Renoir, and Rousseau no longer contradict the public image of what art is about; the Fauves are no longer 'wild beasts' but more like wild flowers. But, stripped of their original context of aggression, can one just take the whole exhibition as an enchanting bouquet of pictures and not question what these works mean to us now? How much would we care if we never saw any of these particular pictures again? Do we need to refer to them other than in the memory? I think that an honest



'Black and White 1960', an oil painting on paper by Adrian Heath: from the exhibition at the Hanover Gallery

answer to these questions might disturb the agreeable air surrounding this event. Most of the pictures would be covered by someone's choice, but divisions of opinion would arise which are hidden by the harmonious presentation of the exhibition. Let me illustrate—I would first rescue from an imaginary fire the Chardin and the Daumier (conveniently close to one another), and then Matisse's 'Fenêtre Ouverte'; only then would I become confused about which to take next, possibly by the monetary value by which I am sure the insurance companies reflect both public and art-historical taste more accurately than my short list.

My point in becoming personal is that as a whole this exhibition does reflect a strong personal taste, when a first glance at it and a knowledge of the facilities at Mr. Whitney's disposal would lead one to think of it as just reflecting current 'good' taste.

In 1947, Dr. Otto Benesch preluded his great six-volume edition of Rembrandt's drawings with a most useful selection in one volume. The complete work is now available, but the selection has long been out of print, and Dr. Benesch has now replaced it by a smaller, more popular version, *Rembrandt as a Draughtsman* (Phaidon, 27s. 6d.). It includes half-a-dozen drawings discovered since the publication of the complete edition.

I make this complaint now because the situation is getting out of hand. Group exhibitions and 'house shows' are with us all the year round but these are invariably double-checked by the artist selecting work which keeps up his reputation and by a committee or dealer applying their own standards. If there must be a clearing out of attics, let us have January 'sales'!

Having said this, reference must immediately be made to the exhibition of the John Hay Whitney Collection at the Tate Gallery, which is in every sense a generous Christmas box to the British public. Entrance is free and the catalogue, almost given away at the price, has notes by John Rewald. The surrounding horticulture, an American touch, also from Mr. Whitney, does something to reduce the rather dead scale of the galleries and enhances the air of munificence without trying to imitate in public the fabulous impact which these pictures

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A New University: A. D. Lindsay and the Keele Experiment. By W. B. Gallie. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Reviewed by SIR ROY HARROD

THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN, so the author tells us, in part at least in response to a challenge; for he afterwards regretted giving guarded assent to a dictum 'he [Lindsay] just missed being a great man'. Thus the work is an expression of loving piety, and, as such, to be welcomed. A touch of hero-worship cheers the spirit in these days. The work is, however, conscientious; the author succeeds in giving a faithful record.

His most intimate knowledge of his subject was in the latter's last few years. He gives a number of anecdotes and illustrations which are vivid and carry conviction. Incidentally there are some admirable accounts of Keele in the process of building, which show the author to have excellent powers of descriptive writing.

Unfortunately he has not gone the right way about building up an image of A. D. Lindsay that will command respect. Much of the book is devoted to piecing together his philosophical and general ideas. But these were of no great importance—as the author allows the reader to see all too plainly. They were extremely woolly. Ideas allegedly new were often well-worn platitudes. Lindsay's comments on other philosophical schools suggest that he had made only shallow investigations. His mode of expressing his thought was always cumbersome. Indeed he sometimes used language which might make one wonder whether he was entitled to be described as an educated man at all. It is to be feared that belittlers, if they read this book, will say: 'Yes, he is just the sort of man that we always supposed him to have been'.

Professor Gallie's remarks on his critics show no insight into their grounds of mistrust. 'His critics imagine', so he writes, 'that secretly and truthfully Lindsay wanted the same sort of things that they wanted from life: a great career, honours—political or economic—power and at least some of the good things of life'. Apart from the point of power, no one would have dreamt of supposing that he wanted such things. 'Academics too dreaded his passion for education'—their deep fear was that his ideas might serve to undermine education.

Readers who know Oxford will certainly be irritated, if not incensed, by his remarks on that university. Though referring to the inter-war period, his description might possibly stand as a gross caricature of what Oxford was like before 1914. 'The needs and difficulties of the less able students, or of those whose gifts did not fit in with traditional Oxford requirements, were hardly considered'. Since his description relates to the general educational set-up, it can hardly be derived from his brief experiences as a Balliol undergraduate, and one must take them to reflect Lindsay's own ideas. If so, they are extremely illuminating. For they suggest that Lindsay had little idea of what was going on around him—which will confirm the views of his critics. It was a paradox that, while no one

laid greater stress on the need for constant meetings, discussions, a close understanding of the ideas of colleagues, etc., he had little conception of what his colleagues were really like.

It is not fitting here to make extensive comments on the merits of the Keele experiment. High hopes are still held for the future of this product of Lindsay's imagination, and he deserves great credit for it. But it was no secret in the early days that he had failed to plan out a happy way of living for members of the staff—a matter that has been receiving due attention.

It was from his stay at Manchester that Lindsay came in contact with the ideal—presumably, in the author's view, not present at Oxford—that a university should be consecrated to the undivided pursuit of truth. But Lindsay was not much impressed. And this is at the centre of the gravamen against him of his academic critics. We may think of a university as providing undergraduates with certain substantive knowledge for their own lives, but also as giving them some inkling, through their contacts with the staff of the nature of this greatest of all human activities and of the qualities that it requires—zeal, patience, imagination, acceptance of repeated disappointments and frustrations, continued perseverance and the ruthless stripping away of the distracting influences of the ego.

It is by getting some understanding of all that is called for and all that has to be discarded in this great task of the pursuit of truth that an undergraduate may become an educated man. What Lindsay's critics felt was that, while he was continually talking about the values achieved through education, so far as the pursuit of truth was concerned—subject to what credit must be given to his Kantian studies—he just had not graduated. Professor Gallie records his saying to a scientist, overloaded with teaching and administration at Keele, 'What do you want to do research for?'

Thus this book will not convert Lindsay's critics, but confirm them in their views. This is sad, because Lindsay did indeed have a real touch of greatness. That is not to be found in his ideas. Rather it lay in his character; Professor Gallie would have had to dig deeper and indeed, perhaps, to have known him intimately over a longer period. There was, for instance, a certain heroic indomitableness. And then there was, deep laid under his rough manners, a certain sweetness of soul. One got a fleeting glimpse of it in his smile, which was very beautiful in his younger days.

Victorian Miniature. By Owen Chadwick. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

It might be objected that the title of this book is too unassuming. Certainly the events it describes were local and are now far off, but if the stage was small it supported a real drama, with elements of violence and with social and family complications that entirely justify the blurb's comparison of the book to a Trollope novel. It is about the strained relations between the squire and the parson in the Norfolk village of Ketteringham in the eighteen-forties. Each

kept a diary which has survived, and Professor Chadwick tells us that he began by thinking an account of what happened in Ketteringham might illustrate the relationship between squires and parsons. 'I have ended, more wisely, by recognizing that I have illustrated fragments of the relationship between this squire and this parson'. In other words he has allowed the two characters to take charge. An authority on ecclesiastical history, he understands perfectly the delicacy of the situation, and presents his story in uncommonly good plain prose, with narrative skill, unobtrusively lighting up, as he goes along, the various compulsions that governed the behaviour of the characters.

The squire was Sir John Boileau, a man of some ability and distinction. Of aristocratic Huguenot origins, he was highly conscious of them, of his social status and his wealth, and of the power these things gave him. The parson was the Rev. William Wayte Andrew, a stern Calvinistic puritan, fervent, active, and a long-winded and somewhat eccentric preacher, convinced that he was right because God was on his side. Sir John's wife, Lady Catherine Boileau, was invalidish; Mr. Andrew's was sure that she was right because she was on her husband's side and he was on God's, and her fierce determinedness seems to relate her distantly to Mrs. Proudie. Each of the two men was, in his way, masterful. The conflict between them arose, and continued, because the squire behaved as if his power in the parish was absolute, and forgot, or did not understand, that the parson's rights inside his own church were unassailable; and because the parson was an extremist.

Andrew was a spell-binding preacher, more easily fascinating women or uneducated persons than cultivated men of the world like Sir John, and regarded himself as 'rather a congregational than a parochial minister'. Sir John, on the other hand, regarded himself as 'the father of the parish' and expected the incumbent to obey him and to be entirely a parochial functionary. This misconception, and his natural high-handedness, led to a gruesome exhumation which increased tension almost to breaking-point. But Sir John was a gentleman and a Christian, and the situation was saved in the end by his putting his principles into practice: 'he had succumbed to the courage, the integrity, and the perseverance of the vicar with whom he still partly disagreed'.

It would be difficult not to admire, even if unwillingly, something in each of these two characters. At a distance there is no doubt something absurd in the accepted ideas which governed much of their behaviour, but each age has its absurdities, and there is nothing absurd when a religious faith can bring two naturally antipathetic persons into a state of mutual tolerance instead of bringing them to blows. Professor Chadwick refrains from preaching. Instead, he has given us a wonderful new insight into early Victorian country life and a story rich with the tragi-comedy of human nature.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Citizenship Today. By D. W. Brogan.
Oxford, for University of North
Carolina Press. 24s.

When Professor Brogan was an undergraduate at Balliol his scout pointed out to him that the Greek word for those uninterested in public affairs was 'idiot'—even scouts were learned men in the Balliol of those days. Professor Brogan took the lesson to heart, and in these three lectures he examines what in fact the citizens of contemporary England, France, and the U.S.A. are expected to do and are prepared to do to make their democracies function. Despite the brevity of this book it is written with all Professor Brogan's unique combination of scholarly depth and vivid understanding of how ordinary people see themselves in politics; it is full of new and stimulating ideas and it is balanced without being complacent. Vintage Brogan in fact, which everyone who cares about politics ought to read.

Sometimes one would like to take him up on one point or another; is it possible to state so baldly that the Scottish legal system is the best in the world? Is it true that the local and national politics of France have owed their 'increased practicality' to the 'political weight of the woman's vote'? The evidence Professor Brogan suggests is wholly local—can any influence at all be traced nationally with the possible exception of the abolition of licensed prostitution? Family allowances? housing? one wonders. I can see why Professor Brogan believes that 'the American citizen has in fact a freer choice of representatives and really a more effective voice as far as the personnel of politics is concerned' than the Englishman or Frenchman. But does not this assume, in national politics at least, a very narrow range of representatives, or of issues to be represented? Does not the English or the French system make it easier for the person of unorthodox ideas to come forward in politics? If this is so, Professor Brogan would have to think again; for elsewhere he writes: 'if I were asked in a single phrase what we need most in England today to revive the idea of citizenship, I should say "more cranks"'.

But the wish to argue is testimony to the liveliness of the ideas packed into these lectures. Professor Brogan is worried about England: the decline of local government and of voluntary bodies which are essential if democracy is to be meaningful, the unattractiveness of Parliament as a career, the overburdening of M.P.s with the private concerns of constituents. On France, Professor Brogan has mixed feelings. He welcomes the decreasing alienation of the Catholic Church from the State and rejoices to see Catholics in the van of social progress and testifying against the more soul-destroying aspects of the Algerian war. But the alienation of the French workers as shown in the almost undiminished strength of the Communist Party makes a healthy French republic impossible.

To his American audience Professor Brogan allotted both praise and blame; praise for the free competition and widespread activities of voluntary bodies with no predetermined order of precedence and for the political parties, blame for electoral arrangements in some States which gave their legislatures a most unrepresentative character, and blame for the persistent refusal to give the Negro full voting rights. The American democracy is still too open to the demagogue and will remain that way until people

come to respect politics and politicians more.

One's only regret is that so little space was available for the development of some of these ideas; citizenship is something we talk about too easily and even try to educate people in. Here we have a first sketch at least of what we mean by it.

MAX BELOFF

Selected Essays. By Henry de Montherlant
Translated by John Weightman.
Edited by Peter Quennell.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Mémoires Intérieurs. By François Mauriac
Translated by Gerard Hopkins.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.

The Days Were too Short. By Marcel Pagnol. Translated by Rita Barisse.
Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

Literary Landfalls. By Dominique Aury
Translated by Denise Folliot.
Chatto and Windus. 16s.

'No French playwright or novelist now alive has made a more substantial contribution to modern European literature', writes Mr. Quennell in his introduction to M. Henry de Montherlant's *Selected Essays*. While we may find this a somewhat sweeping judgment, there is no doubt that M. de Montherlant is one of the most vigorous and talented French writers who have made a reputation since the first world war. What also seems beyond doubt is that no other contemporary French writer of equal stature has made so little impact on the English public. His main works have been translated, but the uniform edition now announced is the first attempt to present him systematically and in bulk. His plays go straight into the repertoire of the Comédie Française, but though a translation of *Port-Royal* was recently broadcast in the Third Programme I do not recall a West End production of any of his plays. It is a pity that Mr. Peter Hall has chosen a bad new play like Anouilh's *Becket* for his first season at the Aldwych when a remarkable old one like Montherlant's *La Reine Mort* could presumably have been had for the asking.

M. de Montherlant is a decidedly controversial writer in his own country. M. Mauriac's defence of him in *Mémoires Intérieurs* leaves us with the impression that he is defending him simply because he is a distinguished fellow writer who has been frivolously attacked by the critics, and that he does not greatly relish his role or his protégé. Montherlant is a ruthless, aggressive, uncomfortable author who is hardly likely to endear himself to readers of any nationality. But he enjoys the immense panache which belongs to the adventurer who is many things and has played many parts: aristocrat, bull-fighter, traveller, a mixture of soldier-monk like his own Don Alvaro. He is the sensualist who has declared that 'the foundation of life is tranquil sexual satisfaction', and the lapsed Catholic who periodically exploits a curious strain of Jansenism, or what he prefers to call 'Roman puritanism'.

What one misses in his books is any principle which is capable of unifying the contradictions and producing an *oeuvre* instead of a series of brilliant *tours de force*. The deepest impulse in the man and the writer seems to be an over-

weening male arrogance which is equally apparent in Costals, the womaniser who at bottom hates women, and characters like Don Alvaro who use God as an instrument for the projection of a pride which is more repellent than Costals's sensuality. A hatred of women provides *La Reine Mort*—surely his most impressive achievement—with its extraordinarily powerful ending. But neither the writer's style nor his psychological insight should blind us to the profoundly destructive attitude which underlies an apparently positive approach to life, or to the fact that the uncommitted writer may be called on to make sacrifices which are just as heavy as those of the committed writer.

Selected Essays consists of extracts from M. de Montherlant's non-fiction works from *La Releve du matin* to the *Carnets*. They are intended not merely to give us a taste of the author's undeniable and unmistakable quality, but to provide an introduction to the uniform edition. There is one serious fault in the selection. Some of the lesser and less revealing essays should undoubtedly have been omitted to make room for the prefaces and postscripts to the plays which explain very clearly the alternation between the roles represented by Costals and Ferrante, Don Alvaro or even Mère Angélique.

M. Mauriac's title is misleading. His latest book is no more a volume of 'memoirs' than the multi-volume *Journal* is a diary. It appears, like the earlier work, to be a collection of short articles reprinted from periodicals and consists of reflections on life and literature. What distinguishes it from the earlier collection is the emphasis on old age and death. It possesses many of the same qualities, but though the writer has not lost his power of acid comment as we can see from the articles on Gide or the critical activities of 'my friend Guillemin', there is considerably less punch and considerably less of the peculiar Mauriac *envoûtement*.

M. Pagnol's volume is a pleasantly uncomplicated account of a well-known playwright's Provençal childhood. Mme. Dominique Aury makes her first appearance in English with a collection of fifteen essays which sound as though they had been written as introductions to new editions of classic and near-classic works. If they were, they must have been admirably suited to their purpose. She writes on Fénelon, Balzac, Constant, Proust, Colette, and the Abbé Prévost with elegance as well as enthusiasm, and has been as well served by her translator as M. de Montherlant has by his.

MARTIN TURNELL

Family and Class in a London Suburb.
By Peter Willmott and Michael Young.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

And now Peter Willmott and Michael Young have penetrated Suburbia. They wanted to do two things: to compare predominately middle-class Woodford with Bethnal Green, and to compare the classes in Woodford itself. The material is derived from a scheduled interview of 921 people, some of whom were interviewed less formally, and from a random sample of 210 people of pensionable age. In the comparison between Woodford and Bethnal Green they wanted to find out how they compared with regard to the importance of kinship ties. In Bethnal Green, it will be remembered, kinship bulks large and so does Mum. In Woodford,

as was expected, such ties are far less important, though the Woodford working class occupy a position midway between the middle-class Woodfordians and the Bethnal Greeners. However, when it came to the old people, it turned out that they were not as neglected as one might suppose. The pattern in Bethnal Green is that the mothers are in constant, sometimes daily, contact with their children and particularly with their daughters. As they grow older their influence increases and there is no break. In Woodford, on the other hand, the young people are independent of their parents until the latter grow old and then they are looked after one way or another—they go to live with their children or get a house nearby. This makes for difficulties; many of the old people rather resent having their way of life changed, and the children dislike having theirs disturbed. As for the celebrated closeness between mothers and daughters, this was found in Woodford too, though the children saw more of their fathers than was the case in Bethnal Green.

When they come to the second of their objectives, class differences in Woodford, they do not tell us all they could, and those who find class relations an entrancing subject will be asking a great many questions to which no answer is given. We are told that the bulk of the inhabitants are such as bank clerks, insurance agents, shopkeepers, civil servants (which grade?) and teachers, that really wealthy people are scarce, and that 'there are very few surgeons or architects, stockbrokers or barristers'. Because of the prominence of the Registrar General's social classes II and III, they decided to use a dichotomous division of 'middle-class' and 'working-class'—non-manual and manual. It is rather disappointing that they did not provide a table showing their general sample in terms of the Registrar General's five-point scale. They had the material and used it to tabulate the social mobility represented by their interviewees. From this one can calculate that twenty-six were in social class I and were born into it.

Now Woodford is regarded as a friendly place; there are rivalries between the Smiths and the Joneses, of course, and to be 'accepted' into some circles one has to have the requisite qualifications, but friendliness is stressed except between the 'middles' and the 'workers'. The authors have once more shown their genius for quoting the telling remark, but one longs to know which of the sub-groups of their middle class made them. 'I've got dozens of friends round here', said Mrs. Baxter, who plays tennis and squash. 'We are friendly with everybody', said Mrs. Holmes, 'but not to the extent of going into one another's houses—except for my friend down the road'. Same 'class' or different 'class'? The working-class is sometimes critical: 'They try to be what they can't around here. They've never had it—they're just jumped up—and they think they're just it'. Of whom in the sample could this be actually true? The nearer social classes are, the more insistent is class consciousness.

Again we should like to know how close on the ladder are the ladies of the middle class who did not go into other people's houses to the working-class lady who said: 'I've never had strangers in here since the day I moved in'. And would a mother born into social class I say: 'With your daughter's children you feel

it's more like your *own* children than your son's are'. Such questions are prompted by the very merits of the book. So skilfully is Woodford presented that one feels that one has been there, been fascinated by it, and naturally wants to know more about the nuances of its social life.

Incidentally, the investigators made a methodological discovery of vast importance to social scientists engaged in making similar surveys: if you want to find out about drinking habits do not phrase your question in terms of pubs alone, but in terms of pubs and hotel bars, and you may get more truthful answers.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Le Milieu Divin. By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Collins. 18s.

Although in the English translations of the collected works of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin *Le Milieu Divin* is volume two, it was written before this original thinker, at once a Jesuit Father and a distinguished palaeontologist, considered the place and significance of Man in the evolutionary process. But while it is not a sequel to *The Phenomenon of Man* it supplies the religious background of his scientific thought. Moreover, as he explains, the book was written for 'waverers' both inside and outside the Church, not for Christians who are firmly established in their faith, stress being laid on the conception of 'supernaturalized' man subject to spiritual influences in the divine *milieu* in which he lives and moves and has his being. As the word *milieu* has no exact English equivalent, the French title *Le Milieu Divin* has been retained by the translator, after discussion and consultation, to indicate both the divine centre and the environment or setting implied in the original designation, and in the use of the words in the text.

In the first two parts the sphere of activity, development and life, and that of passivity, diminishment and death, are considered in relation to the divine presence assailing, penetrating and moulding human souls. But, as is explained in Part III, 'God reveals Himself everywhere, beneath our groping efforts as a universal *milieu*, only because He is the ultimate point upon which all realities converge'. Being the centre of all existence, God fills the whole of its sphere, but however vast the divine *milieu* may be, it is a centre upon which all the elements of the universe converge, touching each other by that which is most inward and ultimate in them. To escape from the monistic pantheism inherent in this approach, the Creator is represented as pushing to its furthest possible limit the differentiation among the creatures He concentrates within Himself. 'At the peak of their adherence to Him, the elect also discover in Him the consummation of their individual fulfilment'.

If, however, 'the world is full of God', for the Christian the divine *milieu* owes all its value to the historical reality of Christ as the centre from Whom the divine omnipresence radiates and is transmitted along a traditional and solidly defined axis through the humanity of the Jesus of the Gospels the universe is led back to God, and the divine action finally comes to us impregnated with His organic energies. By the network of the organizing forces of the universal Christ the divine omnipresence translates itself within the human universe sacramentally 'as the eucharistic transformation goes beyond and completes the transubstantiation of the bread on

the altar'. In the ultimate spiritual design for the universe the historical is merged in the a-historical, the temporal into the eternal as revealed by the Incarnation and the expectation of the Parousia, the consummation of the divine *milieu* beyond time and space.

Theologians with reason may contend against this eschatological optimism that sin in the context of evil cannot be dismissed merely as a deviation caused by our personal faults, or pain as the scandal which faults in others inflict on us and which can be transformed in the same way as any other suffering. Nevertheless, although there is a deeper distinction between physical evil and moral evil than is here presented, it is recognized that the problem of evil will always remain one of the most disturbing mysteries of the universe, in the structure of which there is an inexplicable 'outer darkness' constituting 'an immortal wastage from the genesis of the world'. And in the exposition of his main theme this remarkable thinker has thrown a flood of light on the divine *milieu*.

E. O. JAMES

A Zoo in my Luggage. By Gerald Durrell. Hart-Davis. 16s.

Settling down to another 'animal book' by Gerald Durrell, one knows what pleasures to expect. In this present account of the author's recent trip to West Africa to collect the foundation stock for his new private zoo, light instruction is cunningly blended with light amusement; there is fun with fur and feather; problems of politics, sex, introspection, aesthetics, are removed far hence. Decent light literature of this kind is perhaps not yet so commonplace that one can sniff, and possibly it is ungracious not to simply accept the wholesome fare provided and say no more.

All the same, more curious hungers nag—after strained carrots, strained fish, strained prunes, the alimentary canal cries out for roughage. *My Family and other Animals* showed once that Mr. Durrell was capable of providing it. And yet even in that title, one may suppose, lies one germ of his present amiable weakness. The plain fact is that animals are less interesting than people; that quite a few animals go quite a long way; and that if one falls into the easy laziness of treating the Fon of Bafut, say—the 'dusky potentate' (the cliché comes all too naturally) who comes as near to a hero as *A Zoo in my Luggage* allows itself—as if he were simply some sort of Large Black Hairless Primate, then the superficiality is going to begin to cloy.

Thus too the wilful exclusion of every shadow. Did, for instance, any of the so carefully collected and tended animals nevertheless die on the voyage home? One supposes so. And thus, too, a style that may quite fairly be represented by

I leaped upwards and backwards with an airy grace that only a prima ballerina treading heavily on a tin-tack could have emulated.

And this from one who can also write:

The rocks lay folded in great layers like untidy piles of fossilized magazines, overgrown with greenery.

All in fact is too cosy and homey and hearty for words. No doubt it will sell excellently and help to sustain the admirable author's admirable zoo. One hopes so. But one also rather sadly suspects that there is a writer in there somewhere, buried under all the good clean fun.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Not Sporting?

'SPORTING PERSONALITIES' are undoubtedly as eligible for consideration as heroes of our time as are industrialists, civil servants, and actors, but I cannot help wishing that fewer of them would put up for election. There was, to me, something distasteful in the sight of all those excellent games players, athletes, horsemen, and racing-drivers being paraded, like prize specimens at a cage-birds show, in 'Sports Review of 1960' (December 14).

The programme persuaded me all over again that our cult of those who make big money and bigger reputations out of activities designed, essentially, for personal pleasure and recreation, and our elevation of them to the ranks of supermen show a lamentable lack of proportion. Several of those taking part in the programme seemed to feel it, too. Their self-conscious grins surely proclaimed more than camera-shyness. And Peter Dimmock himself did not convince me that he wholly approved of this concession to the extremes of popular taste.

If we must have these displays of public adulation, let them be decorous. Decorum precludes the dressing-up of a man in overalls and helmet and seating him in his racing car in the studio; and still more the bringing in of another's horse. ('There's a surprise for you, David'—as if the programme's purpose was to please those in the studio and not us at home.)

No one, presumably, had to appear in 'Sports Review' against his will, any more than Adam Faith had to submit himself to John Freeman's questioning in 'Face to Face' (December 11). Tens of thousands, possibly millions, of younger viewers must have been delighted that he did. He revealed himself as a likable young man, which teenagers have always known that he was,

whereas we 'oldies' have hitherto lacked proof. I cannot say that, as a result of the interview, his voice will have more appeal for me than it has now, but at least when I hear it again I shall know that its owner is not taking himself too seriously, and somehow that will help.

The victims of 'This Is Your Life', on the other hand, are not asked whether they want to appear on television or not. I often wonder that more of them do not protest in vigorous, unrestrained language when Eamonn Andrews discloses the real reason for their chance presence



A dancing teacher, one of the tenants of 'A House in Bayswater', with a pupil

outside the studio. Some, I suppose, are flattered into quick acquiescence, others do not want to be spoil-sports. Has any of these programmes had to be cancelled at that preliminary recorded stage because the outraged subject has reacted with violent abuse and a rapid get-away?

In view of his success in escaping from the Germans, Colonel Anthony Deane-Drummond, D.S.O., M.C., should have been easily able to elude the conspirators who led him into the trap for the edition of December 12. Instead he took the advice of the Chinese sage on another matter and, having to accept the inevitable, sat back and enjoyed it, while we enjoyed his obvious pleasure in meeting again his war-time friends who told the story of his extraordinary daring. It was a story well worth the telling.

Can the same be said of the story that Coco the Clown 'told' to Hywel Davies ('It Happened to Me', December 15)? My doubts are concerned with the telling, not with the sincerity of Mr. Poliakov's motives in underlining his road-safety work in schools, or with the genuineness of his love of children. As with other programmes in this series, the crisis that changed Coco's outlook was not dramatized sufficiently to give the tale its full meaning, and I was uncertain



Adam Faith in 'Face to Face'

what the programme's purpose was—accident-prevention or a good public-relations job for Coco.

Armand and Michaela Denis once again proved ('Safari to Asia', December 14) that an interesting topic will survive a banal commentary. Their film of Japanese fishermen, speedboat-racers, wrestlers and puppeteers seemed to have been more expertly photographed and edited than some of their previous reports; and if the commentary had had some of the bite that Alan Whicker gave to his account of the Australian road-trains that run between Alice Springs and Darwin ('Tonight', December 13), or some of the fun that Johnny Morris extracted from his journey to Istanbul last summer, it would have been a film to remember.

Ken Russell found plenty of fun, some wry humour and pathos, in a house in Bayswater, and made of them a most satisfying little film with that name (December 14), which well deserved a second showing (it was first seen last August). His sketches of the lives of the occupants of the five floors of the Victorian house were touched in with such a light, sure hand that it is difficult to imagine how they could have been done better.

PETER POUND



Character in a puppet play shown in 'Safari to Asia'



Coco the Clown (Nicolai Poliakov), subject of 'It Happened to Me' on December 15

DRAMA

Integrity

PROBLEMS OF INTEGRITY, of loyalty to principles, to memories and to friends, received an unexpected airing in 'Saturday Playhouse'. *The Colonel* by Mr. Jon Manchip White, on December 17, was prepared to argue, even if only superficially, the question whether, supposing you were right in sticking firmly to an out-of-fashion principle, you were finally justified in doing so when others might suffer as a consequence of your actions. Admittedly, since no attempt was made to penetrate deeply into the moralities involved, nor to examine the place in which a philosophy of hardness, selfishness, and self-righteousness which are always possible obverses to the side of the proffered coin, the play to fulfil its length gradually blackened all the characters involved in order to emphasize the whiteness of the Colonel.

Perhaps, too, the Colonel, upholding as he did the absolute necessity of refusing to put his signature to a document whose truth he could not be utterly 100 per cent. sure of, and loyal to his false brother, the regiment's honour and the women, bless 'em, to a touchingly absurd degree, was a character more than usually out of touch with present-day codes of behaviour. Yet to have the importance of honour and integrity in private affairs, as opposed to the public matters of moment favoured today, held up for esteem is unquestionably useful in counteracting the easy assumption that all present standards are improvements on those held by previous generations. As the Colonel, Mr. Cyril Raymond brought out just the right discreetly humourless tuffness of the regular officer with a damned good record but down on his luck, and was able in this way to give sufficient authority to overcome weaknesses in the character drawing.

Integrity was the unexpected feature of 'The Friday Show' and in the unexpected person of Mr. George Formby. He usually trades in good-natured diffidence. But in a reminiscent mood, seated in an armchair as by his own fireside and sipping a glass of water when his throat appeared dry (though I suspected myself a certain amount of water flowing under the bridges during rehearsals), he recalled his life with honesty and humility, interspersing his recollections with anecdotes and illustrating them with his famous songs.

And whether remembering his days as an apprentice jockey, generously acknowledging the help he had received from others in 'show biz' at crucial times, or listening with unaffected sentiment to a recording of his father's old music-hall act, Mr. Formby proved himself the possessor of charm, a quiet, free-flowing humour, and a restrained style I had not expected from him, though perhaps I should have been recalling a fine wartime postscript talk he gave after visiting the troops in Sicily. One fault only did I notice and that was a tendency to use his music-hall laugh too often. Mr. Formby has no need of such quick, easy effects in a programme as good as this.

Whack-O! (December 13) again maintained this season's improved form, and again by travelling outside school bounds proper. This time some of the 'Tonight' team were roped in to provide extra-mural activities when Mr. Jimmy Edwards, deciding to take a free pupil from the working classes on to the roll-call, endeavoured to gain at the same time the utmost in topical publicity. Possibly this is really my colleague's province, but I hope

that Mr. Peter Pound will forgive if I give it as my opinion that the interviewer, Mr. Derek Hart, at last met his match in the wily headmaster, most becomingly toupee'd for his 'Tonight' appearance.

Part of the writer's craft, and the dramatist's in particular, since his effects by their brevity have to be absolutely clinching in their impact, is to decide what to disclose at once and what to withhold for presentation later with consequently greater dramatic force. Mr. Barry Thomas lost a quite unnecessary amount of dramatic interplay by failing to disclose to us an essential part of the make-up of the protagonist of his Sunday night play, *A Time to Fight*. By failing to present us at once with the essential fact that Arthur Manders, now middle-aged and beginning to philander, had in youth the reputation, and the silver cups to prove it, of being no mean amateur pugilist, Mr. Thomas never came near to putting over to us the uncharacteristic behaviour of the man in running away from his first attempt at silken dalliance when the girl faints in compromising circumstances. And since the climax of the play is the attempt by the girl's brother to render rough justice on the defiler, it will be appreciated that a knowledge of the uncowardly side of Manders is vital if we are to begin to understand the way illicit love is changing his personality.

This indifference of many young dramatists to their craft vitiates much of their work, and certainly failed to aid what was sometimes a penetrating study of the disintegration of a marriage which had existed harmoniously if unexcitingly for many years. But no one, I believe, could have failed to be moved by Miss Gwen Watford as the wife, first shocked at her husband's infidelity and then angrily ironic at his expense. Here both the writing and the playing



Cyril Raymond in the title-role of *The Colonel*

fused in to a single hard core of true dramatic power. As the husband, Mr. Victor Brooks just failed to supply the hidden power the part needed. More naturalistic and convincing was the likeably aggressive teen-ager brother of Mr. Brian McDermott.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

As I Was Saying

AFTER AN INTERRUPTION by much French philosophic disgust, I revert to more domestic merriment and trouble. But first in the backlog comes *The White Guard* by Michael Bulgakov (Home, December 5). Not having studied my *Radio Times*, which in its new improved format takes some studying, I heard the play without realizing that it had a Russian history of suppression and revival. I had seen the tail end of it on television, where it seemed more Russian. But apart from the knowledge that Rodney Ackland was involved I was as ill-informed as an average listener. In this strictly temporary condition, I found the play corny, stuffed with dead theatrical conventions, and, as a 'historical' comment on Whites and Reds in revolutionary times, evasive and unlikely. Blame should perhaps be distributed between Bulgakov, Ackland, the adapter, David Tutaev and the producer Val Gielgud. The latter should have the lion's share, I fancy, because the playing was loud and thumping, and he referred to Chekhov and Turgenev in his publicity piece. Those were writers of quite different quality from that of Bulgakov and Co.

Cone of Silence by Gilbert Thomas, after a novel by David Beaty (Home, December 10), was about jet planes liable to crash, with complications provided by administrative incompetence, the personal jealousies and idiosyncrasies of pilots, filial love, love, and the fury of an air-hostess scorned. The characters were well distinguished from each other and the observation of private ill-will, public covering-up, and the institutional neurosis and fatheadedness normal in all large organizations was clear and fair. John Gibson's production kept the melodrama decently understated; and the B.B.C. must be given credit for taking a justifiable public relations risk with the chaps who control airlines. The play was worth it.

I also read R. C. Sherriff's explanation of how he came to write *A Shred of Evidence* (Home, December 17) after hearing the performance. He has had personal experience of travelling on a road at a time when a hit-and-run driver was involved in an accident. I had, however, listened to a play some months ago in which the son of a good citizen came under suspicion of hitting and running, naughtily destroyed evidence to mislead the police, and turned out to be innocent in the end, thanks be. Mr. Sherriff, to whom we must be grateful for a varied and unrepentive set of plays, all of which are about what goes on, went through a very similar set of plot hoops. Evidently an irrational sense of guilt, leading to the furtive repainting of mudguards, is widespread among motorists. In this bit of trouble the peripeteia was ingeniously managed but the suburban population was of little personal interest. The young business man on the point of rising to the board promised his Laura 'a big greenhouse' and she insisted on his having 'an electric thing for your workbench'. It may be life, but it comes out dull. Such people may well



Scene from *A Time to Fight*, with Victor Brooks (left) as Arthur Manders, Brian McDermott as Ted Wardle, and Gwen Watford as Ellen Manders

shudder when coppers refuse to 'take anything when on duty' and, when threatened they doubtless say 'I think this is what they call blackmail'. It only makes me hope that something thoroughly unjust will happen to them, but it never does.

Matinée plays continue to have their moments. *Try Anything Once* by T. C. Thomas, a while ago, was amusing about innocents in the country. *The Hedge Between* (Home, November 26) had a nicely complicated plot of justifiable village suspicion and outrageous interference by an unduly bright child. It rightly left some ends of investigation untidy. And despite dubious psychology there was promise in *A Slight Case of Amnesia* (December 17, Home).

Mention of inquisitive children reminds me to repeat the important truism that Children's Hour plays are on average a lot better than other plays. Norman and Henry Bones are back on the trail in another series and, though not meant for such as me, amuse me more than any Chekhov-substitute. It is, incidentally, technically astonishing that Patricia Hayes can act the part of the boy Henry to the satisfaction of young listeners. This is a section of the listening public which is consistently demanding, not to be fobbed off with excuses, and gets good service. When I was having 'flu a week or so ago they revived a couple of Laurence Housman's 'Little Plays of St. Francis' with the gusto and professionalism to be expected from them. And the 'Toy Town' plays of C. Hulme Beaman, which all good radio men and women know to be the best radio there is, reappear as good as ever from time to time. The author wrote them for a children's puppet theatre. It would be in the public interest if anyone who knows a beginning radio dramatist were to give him a puppet theatre for Christmas.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



The Function of Criticism

NINETY-FIVE YEARS AGO, in his *Essays in Criticism*, Matthew Arnold defined the critic's function. He must, he wrote, establish an order of ideas and make the best ideas prevail; he must create the climate of opinion in which creative work could flourish. It might, at first, appear unnecessary to recall so evident a truth; but I think it needs recalling urgently and often when we consider the criticism of sound broadcasting. There was recently an article in *The Times* which asked: 'Is Sound Broadcasting a Dying Medium?'

The question implied the answer expected of us; and though the chairman of the Sound Broadcasting Society refuted it with a quantity of statistics, the question remains an all too eloquent comment on the attitude of the press to the Spoken Word today. So far as sound broadcasting is concerned, editors seem to have lost their independence of judgment, and critics are establishing the wrong order of ideas: they are following the public, not leading it. No one can plead there is shortage of space in a Sunday newspaper of thirty to forty pages; nor is there shortage of space in *The Times*, so long as it finds room for articles on sheriffs' rings and 'Apple Corers from Sheep Bones'. It is time, at least for responsible newspapers, to create a climate of opinion, and not to follow the television fashion so exclusively. If I make this point yet again, it is because the next four years will be a crucial time for sound broadcasting, and this column remains the only substantial column that is regularly given to the Spoken Word in any national

weekly or daily newspaper. Such deliberate and persistent neglect is not only a danger to sound broadcasting: it is a matter for general discredit.

These few thoughts on the critic's task have been sparked off by Mr. Richard Hoggart, who inaugurated a series of talks on 'The Function of Criticism'. In a really excellent survey of literary criticism (Network Three, December 14) he began to discuss the problems of the critic and his responsibilities to the public and to his art. He maintained that criticism should be a service, that it should, where possible, be constructive; and that critics should remember the uniqueness of their subject. But by far the most important point he made was that critics should show hospitality to the art they were discussing: that they should have the capacity to enjoy it. I hope that other radio critics were also listening in.

One needed small capacity for enjoyment to delight in 'Monday Night at Home' (Home Service, December 12); for there, more feline, more seductive, sweeter and lower than ever, was Miss Hermione Gingold. Why, oh why wasn't she given a programme to herself? Her performance of *Mehitabel* in Paris was a bowl of *crème fraîche*; and I am still purring and wanting more.

I sometimes get that feeling when I listen to Mr. Cutforth's documentaries. He has a pungent, entertaining manner all his own; and one is constantly impressed by his extremely acute radio sense. He finds not only the people who fit his particular theme, but a crowd of people, each of whom reveal a definite character in a quick-flash interview; he contrasts his 'victims' nicely, he edits unusually well, and he has moments of radio-inspiration which fill me with respect and (I must confess) with envy. 'Only Nine More Shopping Days to Christmas' (Home Service, December 14) was, I think, his most successful script in the past twelve months. He found some unusual presents in the shopping spree (including a brandy-warmer and a dissectable doll), and he got over a pile of facts and figures. The child's conversation with Father Christmas, the appeal for the little girl lost in the multiple store, earned one critic's congratulations.

Mr. Bratby's conversation with Jeremy Sandford (Third Programme, December 14) was precisely what one expected: downright, vulgar and highly individual. Mr. Bratby used words as he uses paint, laying them on thick and bright; and for 'a pretty hermit-like character' he came a considerable distance out of his shell. But I still think that forty-five minutes was fifteen minutes too much, especially last thing at night.

There are three more programmes on the Christmas tree. It is always instructive when producers emerge from the control-room and play the play themselves; and on December 10 (Third Programme) Mr. Douglas Cleverdon appeared on the right side of the microphone. As Max would have put it, he 'gave an airing' to the Villino Chiaro; he made some affectionate, erudite comments on the Beerbohm Library (since scattered at Sotheby's for some £26,000). It all made a nice twenty minutes' browsing; and when the Beerbohm Room is duly equipped and opened at Merton College, I hope that Mr. Cleverdon will celebrate the occasion. The third instalment of *The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren* (Third Programme, December 12) earned a doubtful beta, and made me hope fervently that if the Opies' next work was adapted for radio, Mr. Opie himself would not narrate it. Mr. Ian Fleming's 'Tuesday Talk' (Home Service, December 13) was called, optimistically, 'State of Excitement: Kuwait'. It made anything but exciting listening.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



A Swing in Musical Taste

THE INCLUSION of Bruckner's rarely heard E minor *Mass*, in a programme in which all the other items were by British composers, added to the interest of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's last public concert this year, broadcast from the Royal Festival Hall (Third Programme, December 14). It was also symptomatic of a swing in the pendulum that seems to be taking place in musical tastes in this country towards the nineteenth-century Viennese composers Bruckner and Mahler; although the fact that the centenary of Mahler's birth is being celebrated this year cannot be ignored. Curiously enough, the vogue for these two exists simultaneously with, and quite independently of, the even more widespread cult of that other Viennese trio, Schönberg, Berg, and Webern, although the respective aesthetic creeds of these two schools could hardly be more unlike. Bruckner is one of those composers whose 'sincerity' and simple-hearted devotional approach to his art are always extolled by his admirers, and it is therefore in his religious music that these qualities can be expected to find their fullest and most natural expression.

The *Mass* in E minor is as good an example as any of this aspect of the composer who is still, according to a recent referendum addressed to music-lovers in Vienna, their first favourite, coming before Mozart, Franz Schmidt, and Beethoven (in that order). Certainly the *Mass* breathes a spirit of genuine religious fervour, even if its idiom sounds a little faded to modern ears—far more so, indeed, than the simpler but more concise language of Thomas Tallis, born 300 years earlier, whose famous Motet in forty parts was the other choral work in this programme. It was sung with telling effect by the B.B.C. Chorus, who were later joined by the B.B.C. Choral Society in the Bruckner, as well as by a section of the orchestra to play the accompaniment to the *Mass*, which is for wind instruments only. Tippett's admirable Concerto for double string orchestra and Vaughan Williams's fine and fierce Fourth Symphony, which shows him at the height of his powers, completed the programme, which was conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.

I was able to hear only part of *Messiah*, broadcast under the auspices of the Belfast Philharmonic Society (Home Service, December 15) by the Belfast Philharmonic Chorus and City of Belfast Orchestra, conducted by Maurice Miles, with Jennifer Vyvyan, Pamela Bowden, William Herbert, and Owen Brannigan as soloists; but the Chorus sounded lively and vigorous and the 'Pastoral Symphony' was gracefully played by the orchestra. Pamela Bowden's singing of 'He shall feed His flock' was perhaps a shade too romantic, but in general the performance seemed well balanced and carefully rehearsed, and the reception was very clear.

Variety and contrast were once again to the fore in the Thursday Invitation Concert (Third, December 15), which covered a period of some 500 years of Western music, from Dunstable to Stravinsky. The nineteenth century was represented by Mendelssohn and Chopin, and the fifteenth by Dunstable and Okeghem, whose Requiem *Mass*, *Missa pro defunctis*, had never been broadcast before in this country (and, curiously enough, is not even specifically mentioned in *Grove*). A Fleming by birth, Okeghem spent most of his life in the service of the French Kings Charles VII and Louis XI, being appointed by the latter *maître de chapelle* at the Cathedral of Tours, a post which he held until his death in c. 1495. The *Mass* proved to be something far more impressive than a mere exercise in counterpoint (which music of this

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period is too often apt to resemble) showing not only resourcefulness and ingenuity in the actual writing for the voices, but a deep sincerity of feeling which was well brought out in the very impressive performance it was given by the excellent Pro Musica Sacra choir, conducted by Bruno Turner. Dunstable's austere *Veni Sancte Spiritus* was also sung with the purity of tone and expression we have come to associate with this choir.

It was a curious idea to invite M. Vlado

Perlemuter, the distinguished French pianist who was making his first appearance at these Thursday concerts, to play nothing but Mendelssohn and Chopin. I, for one, would have preferred to hear him play something French—Ravel, for example, on the interpretation of whose music he is a recognized authority. As it was, he played the *Variations sérieuses* of Mendelssohn impeccably, but was less successful, I felt, with Chopin's Twenty-four Preludes, over which he seemed to skim rather super-

ficially, somehow failing to suggest the depths that lie underneath the surface of these exquisite miniatures in which so much sheer music is contained at such a high degree of concentration in so condensed a form. I have only space to add that this interesting programme was completed by an excellent crisp performance of Stravinsky's Octet for Wind Instruments, played by the Portia Wind Ensemble, conducted by James Verity.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Psychology and Character in 'Così fan tutte'

By DONALD MITCHELL

'Così fan tutte' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on December 26 (Third Programme)



THE RECENT COURT CASE, in which Lady Chatterley, rather than Lawrence's novel, was placed on trial, should warn us how deep feelings run when infidelity, actual or imaginary, accomplished or desired, is the topic, main or subsidiary, of an artist's work. It would be surprising, indeed, to place an opera by Mozart in the dock; but, in a very real sense, this is the curious position in which *Così fan tutte* finds itself (herself, perhaps one ought to say). There are still writers who find the morals of *Così* a stumbling block, who turn up their noses at the wanton frivolity of the plot. This is no new attitude, of course. What is frivolity for the censorious of the twentieth century was downright licentiousness for the moralists of the nineteenth century, who found even the music hard to swallow, so throttling was their distaste for da Ponte's libretto.

My business is music, not morals; none the less, I should be prepared to bet that Mozart's and da Ponte's beautifully organized fable contains a very high proportion of truth, of psychological truth at any rate, compressed into the space of two acts whose dramatic events, as Dent was quick to point out, take place 'within a period of twenty-four hours'. The scorching pace of the opera and its inflammable subject-matter combine to raise the blood-pressure of the most phlegmatic audience. Temperatures, however, would not rise if Mozart had not succeeded in making a musical reality of the uncomfortable truth he exposed with such inimitable verve. If the music were just 'beautiful' and nothing else, we may be sure that no one would ever have got so excited about the morals—or lack of them. Characterization, of course, is the crucial question. Are the characters in *Così* real or not?

I make no apologies for using the word 'real' since it is used so often—justifiably so—in relation to Mozart's other operas. We may all agree that *Figaro*, for example, is rich in real characters. *Don Giovanni*, too, despite its strong element of fantasy, is not starved of sharply observed characterizations which owe nothing to the supernatural. But even when judged by these high standards of comparison, *Così* seems to me to survive the test triumphantly. Indeed, I find either one of the two pairs of lovers a good deal more convincing as creatures of flesh and blood than, say, Donna Anna and Don Ottavio.

Let us glance quickly at the six characters who people the world of *Così*. I do not think we can fault the characterizations of the two schemers, Don Alfonso and Despina. Both are rather disagreeable characters: Don Alfonso sly and a little sinister, Despina bright, hard, and money-grubbing, vulgar, even. Can it be denied that each enjoys a specific musical personifica-

tion? (Don Alfonso's conspiratorial E major is a particularly prominent feature of his personality.)

When we come to the quartet of lovers the situation is rather more complex but no less realistically defined in terms of character. It is true, as Gerald Abraham has pointed out, that in his ensembles Mozart often treats the two men and two women as if each pair were one person. But this, surely, is not evidence of an impoverishment of characterization, but, rather, an exact reflection of the true state of dramatic and emotional affairs? Ferrando and Guglielmo are as single-minded in their protestations of belief in their fiancées' fidelity as are the ladies in rejecting the sometimes no less single-minded devotions of their exotic suitors. It is not surprising that identical attitudes should be expressed in identical music; it would be confusing if they were not.

But the attitudes, as we know, break up because the barriers break down. As the opera develops away from the expression of opposed unanimities, so too the characters develop greatly in individuality. The more serious the affairs become, the more distinctly etched are the outlines of each personality involved. When, for example, at a late stage in Act II, we reach the duet in which Fiordiligi finally yields to Ferrando, we realize that for this pair of 'illicit' lovers, love has become a reality. The sublime music (the only love duet Mozart wrote?) leaves us in no doubt that they are 'in love'. Perhaps we should have guessed that this would be the outcome of their liaison. Fiordiligi's great aria ('Come scoglio', Act I) tells us that she is a woman of altogether unusual character; magnificent, indeed, in the breadth and ambition of her feelings—the immensely wide intervals she encompasses are the very lineaments of her commanding spirit. Ferrando, who grows to be an exceptionally ardent and pressing suitor, has to batter hard to dent her loyalty. The tension that accumulates is remarkable: will she, won't she? Finally, she will; and her rapture as she resigns herself is as superb as was her earlier protestation of fidelity.

I find no inconstancy of characterization here. Each passion is sustained with a fervour peculiar to Fiordiligi. It would have been an unforgivable inconsistency if her eventual embrace of Ferrando had not measured up to her previous rejection of him. One may feel, in fact, that theirs is almost a perfect match.

We can see how clearly Mozart keeps his pairs of lovers distinct by a brief comparison of Guglielmo/Dorabella with Ferrando/Fiordiligi. For a start, the time-scale of the affair of the first pair of lovers does not coincide at all with that of the second, nor does the character of their relation. Dorabella is a far less serious person than Fiordiligi. Her great aria ('Smanie

implacabili', Act I) like Fiordiligi's, is similarly self-revealing. We need not doubt the genuineness of her sentiments, but her expression of them is relatively shallow—this is a charming girl, a little feather-headed perhaps, who easily comes to admire the admirable fluency of her own feelings. Hence, no doubt, those deliciously superfluous and indulgent sobs, with which she rounds off the main arch of her melody.

Dorabella, so to speak, changes sides at the first amorous breath of Guglielmo. One cannot really take her affections very seriously. Mozart makes sure that Guglielmo himself—likewise the lighter of the two suitors—is, rightly, not wholly convinced that the outcome of the affair is satisfactory. How otherwise explain, in the mock marriage, the twinge of jealous passion that assails him as Ferrando and Fiordiligi, in the *A flat larghetto* that preludes Despina's production of the marriage contract, join in a radiant toast? Dorabella, parrot-like, quickly follows suit. But Guglielmo angrily wishes them dead, in musical terms as distinct from the general texture as those of Don Alfonso in the famous Act I quintet ('Di scrivermi ogni giorno'), where the lovers' farewells are punctured by his laughter.

Guglielmo and Dorabella, in fact, are not consumed by the love that drives together Ferrando and Fiordiligi; and if we glance back through the opera at the pattern of their relationship, we find this outcome as logically and consistently prepared, in terms of character and music, as the eventual rapture of Ferrando and Fiordiligi. An opera that has begun with a symmetrical disposition of relations and emotions ends in comparative disarray.

It does not finally end thus, because the mock marriage is dissolved, and we must assume, I think, that the original relations are restored. But are they? Can they be, indeed? We stumble here, I believe, on the most uncomfortable aspect of the opera's factuality. What we yearn for is the possibility of a fairy-tale reconciliation. But Mozart was far too truthful an artist to disguise the fact that forgiveness is impossible where the parties are not only equally 'guilty' but share to the full the knowledge of each party's guilt (think of the very different resolution we have in the last act of *Figaro*). In *Così*, the best that can be done is to present as brave a front as one may to the facts of life. The coda that succeeds the dénouement does exactly that and no more.

But there is no denying that *Così* leaves one with rather a curious taste in one's mouth. Yes, after all, it is a shocking opera, not because of its frivolity but because of its ruthlessly rational exposure of the instinctive irrationality of human behaviour. 'Human kind', we know from Mr. Eliot, 'cannot bear very much reality'. That is why *Così* still continues to disconcert us.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Questions—IX

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



Question 1 (from D. A. Richards of Oxshott):

In a recent programme the following hands were bid:

WEST	EAST
♠ A J 5	♠ Q 8 2
♥ A K Q 7	♥ J 10 9 6 4 2
♦ None	♦ Q 8 2
♣ K J 9 8 4 2	♣ A

and you suggested that, after the following sequence,

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 Cl	1 D	1 H	2 D
3 D	No	3 H	No
3 Sp	No	4 Cl	No

West should now bid Four No Trumps (Culbertson) to see whether partner held the ace of clubs. What response, please, would show the ace of clubs, since Five Clubs (the lowest bid suit) would deny an ace and Five Hearts would merely be encouraging without specifying any particular control, whereas any higher bid would automatically commit the partnership to slam?

Answer: The conventional reply when holding only one ace, and that the ace of the lowest bid suit, is to bid that suit at the six level. The partner who initiated the Four No Trump bid should be prepared for such a response. In this instance, therefore, East's response would be Six Clubs, and West is, of course, well able to cope. East should not concern himself with the fact that his hearts are lacking high honours (a point made by Mr. Richards): he has promised no greater values than those he holds and there

is no reason why he should not make a conventional response when his partner is able to take control.

A stratagem to which the responder to a Culbertson Four No Trump bid can on occasion resort, when he fears that a normal response may take the auction too high, is to bid an ace he does not hold rather than one he does hold. The need does not exist on this hand, but if East judged that it did, he might respond Five Hearts. This should show the ace of hearts and no other ace. If, as is likely, his partner holds the ace of hearts, then he will know that his partner holds some other ace which he felt he could not safely show.

Question 2 (from W. Crawford Jones, Angmering, Sussex):

Playing Acol with the Culbertson 4-5 No Trump convention. Dealer West.

WEST	EAST
♠ K	♠ A 7 4 2
♥ A K Q J 10 9 6	♥ None
♦ K Q 3 2	♦ A 8 7 5
♣ J	♣ A 9 7 6 3

(a) WEST	EAST
2 H	3 Cl
4 H	?

What should East bid now?

(b) What is the best auction?

Answer: The answer to part (a) might well serve for the other part too. The Four Heart bid must promise a quite solid heart suit—there can be no other object in a jump bid when a forcing situation already exists. East should be principally concerned with conveying

to his partner the fact that he holds three aces. He does this best by a conventional bid of Four No Trumps—this, following the Culbertson convention, shows either three aces or two aces and the king of a bid suit. West makes a conventional response of Five Hearts, showing the ace of hearts, and East bids Five No Trumps, confirming that no ace is missing. West can now safely bid the grand slam.

West was so much in control of the situation that he could have equally well arrived at the best contract by a rebid of either. Three Hearts or Three Diamonds, hoping to judge the final contract a little better when he had heard more about his partner's hand.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

You are South, the declarer in a No Trump contract, and these are your dummy and your own hand:

NORTH (dummy)	SOUTH
♠ K 8 4	♠ A 10
♥ K 5 2	♥ J 7 4 3
♦ J 9 5 4	♦ A 3 2
♣ J 9 2	♣ A 7 4 3

You may arrange the other twenty-six cards in the manner most favourable to you. How would you arrange them, and what is the largest number of tricks you can make against any defence?

A prize of £2 2s. will be awarded for the best solution received by January 2. The envelope should be addressed to The Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, and marked 'Bridge Competition'.

H.F.



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The Ambassadors by Holbein (above) is the 'Painting of the Month' for January 1961. Full-colour reproductions (7½" × 7½" on art paper 12" × 9") are ready now for subscribers

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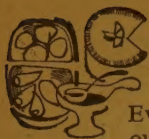
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ABOUT THE HOUSE



Talking Turkey

EVEN AS THEY prepare the generous Christmas turkey for roasting, many cooks give an apprehensive thought to how they will serve up what remains after Boxing Day. Here are some suggestions for appetising dishes.

(1) *Turkey Pasties:* Mince the remains of cold turkey, adding some grated lemon rind, nutmeg, salt, and pepper. Add a very little melted butter (about a teaspoon to a quarter of a pound) and moisten slightly with top of the milk. Make some short crust pastry and roll *thinly* in five-inch squares. Cover one half of the pastry with the turkey, brush edges with water, fold over and pinch firmly together. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in a hot oven (400°, mark 6). These are especially delicious when the pastry is made with turkey fat, clarified and hardened for twenty-four hours in a refrigerator.

(2) *Potted Turkey and Ham:* To every pound of cold turkey remains, allow 3 oz. of cooked ham and 4 oz. of butter, with a little grated nutmeg, salt, and pepper. Pass the meat twice through the fine holes of a mincer and then pound in a mortar (or, failing this, with a wooden spoon in a basin). Add seasoning and creamed butter, being careful not to add too much salt or too little pepper. Beat up again until smooth and spreadable. This can be potted in a terrine, or in little pots, and covered with melted butter. It makes a delicious snack, or first course, with slices of thin toast; or it can be used for a sandwich spread.

(3) *Devilled bones:* Turkey bones with a little meat on are used for this, and served with a devil sauce. Score the meat by gashing with

a knife in a few places, and rub into the cuts some butter flavoured to taste with mustard, pepper, salt, curry powder, and Worcester sauce. Grill the bones for two or three minutes and serve with devil sauce. This brown sauce is made with 1 oz. of butter, 1 tablespoon of flour and half a pint of strong stock (made with a bouillon cube if necessary). To this add 1 tablespoon of mushroom ketchup, 1 tablespoon of Worcester sauce, 2 teaspoons of lemon juice and some grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon of minced capers, ½ teaspoon of black pepper and a few grains of cayenne pepper, a chopped shallot, a dash of anchovy essence, and a teaspoon of tarragon or chilli vinegar. Simmer for 10 minutes.

MARGARET RYAN

Tastier Stuffing

To make ordinary forcemeat stuffing tastier add to the usual ingredients chopped almonds and raisins, the chopped raw liver of the bird, and a little red wine. The almonds should be blanched first, and both the almonds and raisins chopped into fairly large pieces.

LOUISE DAVIES

Fruit Fudge

To make this fudge you will need:

- 12 oz. of caster sugar
- ½ pint of cream or evaporated milk
- ½ oz. of butter
- 1 oz. of preserved ginger
- 1 oz. of glacé pineapple
- 1 oz. of glacé cherries
- 2 oz. of preserved orange and lemon slices

In a solid-base pan melt the butter, and,

using a gentle heat, add the sugar and cream, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. Bring to the boil and boil for approximately 12 minutes at 238° F. until the mixture forms a soft ball. (Vanilla essence can be added at this stage if liked.) Now add all the fruit, which should have been minced or very finely chopped. Beat hard all together until light in colour and creamy. Pour into a buttered tin 12 inches by 8 inches, and as it is cooling mark into squares. When set wrap each piece in waxed paper.

MARJORIE HARPER

— 'Domestic Forum' (B.B.C. Television Service)

Notes on Contributors

KENNETH BARNES (page 1127): a member of the Society of Friends; Headmaster of Wennington School in Yorkshire; author of *The Creative Imagination, He and She*, etc.

FRANKLIN FRAZIER (page 1129): Professor of Sociology, Howard University, Washington, D.C.; author of *The Negro in the United States*

BERNARD BRODIE (page 1131): formerly Professor of International Relations, Yale University; author of *A Guide to Naval Strategy, Strategy in the Missile Age*, etc.

JOHN GRANT (page 1131): defence correspondent of *The Times*

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON (page 1143): Producer, Features Department, B.B.C.; used to be a bookseller and publisher in Bristol; editor of *Engravings of Eric Gill*

DAVID PIPER (page 1148): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery; author of *The English Face*

DONALD MITCHELL (page 1160): on the music staff of the *Daily Telegraph*; author of *Gustav Mahler*, etc.

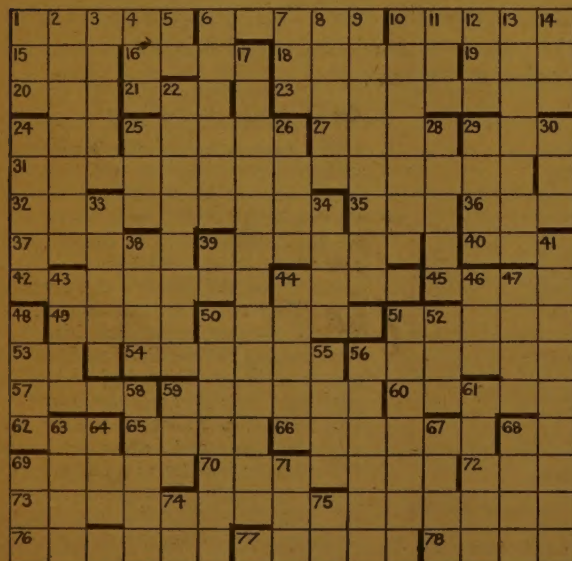
Crossword No. 1,595.

A Christmas Story.

By Babs

Special prizes for Christmas (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value £3. 3. 0, £2. 2. 0, and £1. 1. 0 respectively

Closing date: first post on Monday, January 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The narrative embodying the clues relates to the choice of Christmas presents.

CLUES

A = across; D = down;

U = up, and R = reversed.

I am 21R (3) in choosing Christmas presents. The 58D (5) I grow, the 18A (5). But this year I have been 9D (8) myself. My 52D (3) has been 39D (2) 6D (6) appropriately, 74U (2), if I 11U (3), 39D (2) 71U (3) with good intent.

Great-aunt Mary 12D (3) is a 28D (5) goose, 44D (5) her, but I 38U (4) that in her 22D (8) way 25U (3) will like the 8U (5) feather 1D (3) and the 51A (5) 50A (5) 30D (3) scarf. 39D (2) Aunt Emily 10D (7) 75D (2) now the 14U (3) of the universe, but 25U (3) was 69A (5)-trained, so I shall give her my 16A (4) of a 25R (5) in the 34D (4) District, and 20A (3) those awful 50D (7) 31A (14) that cousin 27A (4) gave me.

What for Uncle Josiah, with his Roman 19R (3) on the mantelpiece, and rows of 59A (6) and 70A (7) on his shelves? I'll write an 15A (3) 39D (2) his 19R (3), a Keatsian 43U (4), and send that 36A (3) of 2D (7)'s essays I bought pre-war for 17s. 6d. 67D (4); that won't cause too big a 64D (3) in my 53A (2). To cousin 27A (4), who plays the 68D (4), that 51D (7)-4D (3)-cum-32A (9) which renders 5U (2) Bacio when it 44A (4) a victim.

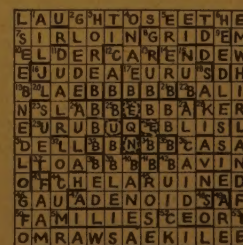
To Uncle Edward the latest 10R (5) 48D (4), '55D (4)-47D (4)', where if your 29A (3) is

turned down you are the 77R (5). To his wife what I might call an 17D (13), a super 'pinger', imitation 42A (7), for his three-minute 62A (3). Relics from my 66A (7) holiday at 13D (7) will do for Jill: a carved 49R (4) and various beasts. 57A (4): 63D (4) legs on the 69U (3) and the 1A (5). Young Ted will love his 6A (5) 54A (6), and my old 78R (4) and camping 40A (3), though it is a bit 45R (4) now.

Great-uncle 72A (3) is a special case: made a fortune as a 56D (6) in Lima and 24A (3); was too fond of the 37A (5) man; had a consuming 65A (4) for drink; went to 29D (4) in the Pacific, wearing little but a 35R (3); a typical 26D (4), with bloodshot 76R (6), was saved at the 23A (8) hour by a 60A (5) local 68R (2), who prescribed a water 41D (9). 'Work of 73A (15)!' was 72A (3)'s wry 46D (3). Still lowers enough 7D (3) to 33D (5) a lesser mortal. I'll send him 3D (5) 61D (5), hoping it will be a 59D (3) to him to 24D (5) the usual.

To everyone else, 56A (6) 39A (6).

Solution of No. 1,593



NOTES

Quotation is from Shelley's *The Cloud* (O.D.Q. p. 393a). The word in the centre-piece is QUEEN, surrounded by 'Bees'. (We regret the wrong order of two letters in 37)

1st prize: A. H. Carey (Sutton); 2nd prize: Mrs. I. M. Smith (Banbury); 3rd prize: E. J. Brady (Whitley Bay)

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